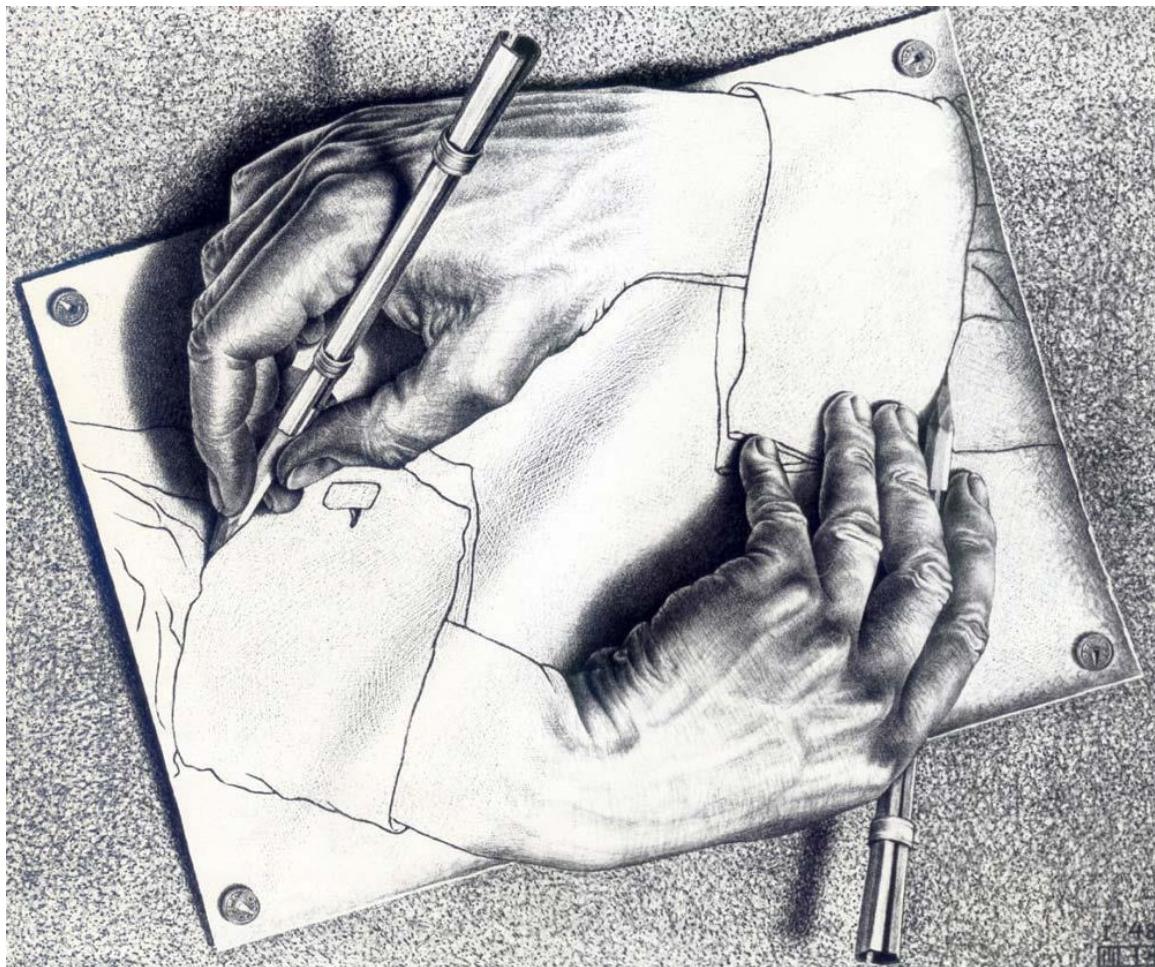


# *Pen & Pencil Magazine*



**Volume Twelve: Summer 2023**

## **Volume Twelve: Pen & Pencil Magazine**

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Cover picture: Escher, Two Hands

If you have a submission for the **Pen & Pencil Magazine** feel free to contact the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

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*“As a species the philosophers have always bored me to death. The profession has always seemed to me to be an unnatural one, an activity removed from life.”*

Henry Miller

## **Pen & Pencil Welcomes Submissions**

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish the Twelfth edition of ***Pen & Pencil Magazine*** which serves to feature the work of aspiring writers. The ***Pen & Pencil Magazine*** welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis.

In this edition we have a new poem by Shannon as well as new stories by Aki, Yuki and Ayaka, and by Patrick. There are two short pieces by Nin and by Miller. Several stories from a century ago are also brought back to life. There is also some advice from Sir Winston Churchill.

The ***Pen & Pencil Magazine*** board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers: Please feel free to send your short story, prose, poetry and artwork submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

## **New Prose**

## ***When I was Much Younger by Aki Kurosawa***

[Tokyo] When you are young you do foolish things. Hopefully these things don't cause hurt and harm to your or to your friends and your family. Later in life you may come to regret the foolish things you've done. I have done a few things I now regret.

One of the foolish things I did was in high school when I let a girl friend of mine to draw me. She was taking an art course at school and wanted to do figure drawing. I thought nothing about helping her out because she was my friend.

The first time she asked me I agreed to sit before her fully clothed. I was wearing a bright yellow dress. She drew me and then took a picture "for reference purposes." I did not think anything about her taking my picture.

The next time I sat for my girl friend I was in a bathing suit, a rather modest one piece that I wore when I went to the pool or to the beach. It was a dull blue.

She drew several sketches of me but seemed to be unhappy. "I can't see your figure," she said. I was a late bloomer and so there was not much of a figure of me for her to see. I stood before her quite self-conscious of myself, most particularly that I did not have big breasts. She took another picture "for reference purposes."

The third time I came to sit for my girl friend I had come with my dull blue bathing suit. “No, that will not do,” she said. Instead she gave me a two piece bathing suit to wear. It was a rather immodest swim suit. The top was mere triangles and the bottom even less of one. But I had promised her I would sit and so I put the flimsy thing on. This time she asked me to recline on her large bed. I did.

She started to sketch me. She did a few one minute sketches, and I started to feel warm inside of me. Then we went on to two minute sketches. I got more bold with my reclining pose. Instead of keeping my legs together I opened them a bit.

She started to sketch with more enthusiasm. When we got to five minute sketches I don’t know what came over me but I just leaned forward and removed the top of the bathing suit. She smiled and stopped her sketch. “You’re very pretty,” she said. I sort of knew what she was hoping but I was not ready to take off my bottom. She continued sketching while we talked about this and that. She was obviously trying to relax me and set me at ease.

Time seemed to slow to a standstill. It was perhaps because she had slowed her sketching down to a crawl. She was taking her time putting lines to paper, as if she was thinking of something else other than her drawing.

She suddenly stopped and looked at me. “Will you ...” she pointed at the bottoms with her pencil. There was a few seconds of awkward silence as I hesitated. I did.

She spent the next twenty minutes drawing me in several immodest poses. Then I started to get cold and told her so. “Let’s stop,” I said. She grabbed her camera. “Let me take a picture of you for reference purposes.” I just had enough time to bring my legs together and cover my face, then snap!

It’s a picture I regret.



That was the last time I posed for my girl-friend.

## ***Infidelity by Yuki***

**[Japan]** This is a difficult story for me to tell. My ex-boyfriend and I have known each other since we were old enough to walk. My family and his go back many years. Our parents were expecting us to marry, and settle down. But he did things that made it impossible for me to trust him and so it is unlikely we will become a couple and have our own children together.

I have been away at university in Vancouver for the past two years. While I was in Vancouver I shared an apartment with three close friends from high school, Keiko, Reiko and Aki. I returned home last January. I cannot tell you where in Japan I live. If I did, after reading my story, you would probably want to intrude in my life. And you would also want to embarrass my ex-boyfriend and he would get angry and take it out on me. I don't want that. He has a very bad temper. We separated on Valentine's Day.

I haven't been home in two years. Beginning last year I heard whispers that my ex-boyfriend was being unfaithful to me. He is the assistant manager of a grocery store (the only job he has had since graduating from high school – his father is the store manager). My ex-boyfriend likes to delivery some of the grocery orders and has been getting a bit too intimate with some of the women in the city I live. He has also tried to seduce the younger cousin of one of my school friends.

When I returned home in January my girlfriends gave me a party but decided not to invite my ex-boyfriend. At the time we were still going out but I was told before flying home from Vancouver not to tell him when I was returning.

The night of the party after we had dinner and their boyfriends starting to drink and sing, we girlfriends left the party to go for a walk. We walked three blocks over to sit in front of a Love Hotel, hidden in the shadows across the street. After sitting for a few minutes I saw my ex-boyfriend arrive at the Love Hotel with the younger cousin of the girlfriend who walked us over from our party.

Before I could get upset she said ... “just wait she will be coming right out,”

And she did. When she did she rushed across the street, gave me a big hug and said, “don’t worry ... nothing happened. I told him I am not interested and to stop trying to seduce me.”

Then when my ex-boyfriend appeared again in the street one of my other girlfriends sitting next to me telephoned him then and there to invite him to the party. “Where are you?” she asked him. He lied saying he was at work.

So we rushed back to the party and waited for him to arrive. When he did he swore that he was at work when he got the call. He said how happy he was to see me. He wanted to hug and kiss me, but I gave him a cold shoulder. When the young cousin joined the party my ex-boyfriend suddenly said he had some unfinished business at work and rushed off.

For several days afterwards when he telephoned me I told him I had jet lag, or didn't feel all that well, or was busy visiting my grandparents. I was in fact telling him the truth, even though he kept up being evasive when I asked what he has been doing.

We just talked on the phone. We did not meet up.

After several weeks of paying a game of cat and mouse I met up with my girlfriends on a Saturday night and we talked for several hours about what we should do. It was an awkward discussion we had as they told me all their stories. I was very angry!

Ad we got tipsy with sake we concocted a plan to teach my ex-boyfriend a lesson. I was to invite him to come with me to an onsen on Valentine's Day. We would drive up together and spend a few days there. I got him to book a room and then I drove us up to an ancient and famous onsen at the far reaches of the island, where even trains don't go. It was a long four hour drive into the middle of nowhere.

When we got there we immediately changed to go to the onsen. We changed in separate rooms and when we stepped to the onsen he wanted to get intimate with me so I let him become aroused but I stood my ground.

To tease him I let him take a picture of me using my cellphone.



Just a few minutes after we settled into the warm hot spring, six of my girlfriends, including the younger cousin, suddenly appeared and joined us.

Then I told him I needed to pee and got out.

I left him for a half hour as I dried myself, dressed and then emptied out his wallet of his identification, his money and his charge cards. I left him a note saying I do not ever want to see him again. I went out my car and waited.

For that half hour my friends took turns belittling him for being such a bad boyfriend ... and one by one they left him, starting with the young cousin.

They all quickly got dressed and dashed to my car. He sat there waiting for me to return for twenty minutes. I started the car and we waiting until he came running out of the onsen completely naked, then we sped off leaving him in the middle of nowhere with no easy way to get home.

During the long drive back home I had to block his number to stop him from calling me. As we drove back I telephoned my father and told him what had happened. He talked with my ex's father and well, the disappointment came crashing down on my ex-boyfriend. He had to telephone his father, who had to leave work early to come and drive hours and hours to pick him up and also pay his unpaid onsen bills. There was a big argument with the onsen owners over whether he had to pay. But in the end the room booking had to be paid.

My ex not only lost me, his father fired him for what he had been doing on his "grocery deliveries ..." and now my ex-boyfriend is a shelf stalker at one of the very small supermarkets and works evenings and weekends behind the counter and well ... he doesn't have much time and energy to do much else.

As for me, I am the first person in my family to ever go to university. I am getting ready to set off to Oxford to do my Master's in Anthropology. I have an artist friend in Vancouver to thank for this – he agreed to be a living sculpture as I presented my major fourth year anthropology seminar – *Phallus Anthropologia* – the Anthropology of the Male. My Anthropology professor

was so impressed with my project that she wrote a letter of reference for me to her alma mater Oxford.

I chose to do this theme because I knew what was going on back home and I wanted to better understand the psychology and physiology of the male.

At the heart of my presentation *Phallus Anthropologia* is the modesty and fidelity that men show the women they love and admire in several cultures around the world, both ancient and modern. The thought that I put into my major fourth year anthropology seminar put my ex-boyfriend's infidelity into perspective for me.

I am looking forward to Oxford! I might stop in Vancouver for a visit on my way to the UK or on my way back just to say hello to my artist friend.

On my world travels I may decide to explore *Anthropologia Aphroditis*.

**Pictorial: Be careful where you peck ...ok?**



## ***My Good Friend in Vancouver by Ayaka Miro***

On my last day of my first trip to Vancouver, a friend and I decided to walk around the center of downtown. We stopped and had some photograp0hic fun behind the old courthouse, which is now the Vancouver Art Gallery. I took these pictures of my friend.

Here he is holding up the building!



Here I am holding him up.



And here I am measuring him up to size.



My friend helped me out in so many ways. I came to Vancouver with a broken heart. My fiancé of three years had decided to break up with me and I needed to cheer myself up. I met my Vancouver friend at a conversation club meet that met in a café on Granville Street. After the meet I was sitting on a bench crying. He walked up to me, sat beside me and asked me why I was so sad ... I felt I could trust him to understand so I told him what had happened to me! We chatted awhile and the made arrangements to meet the next Saturday.

After a few weeks of chatting with him I was happy again. He suggested when I returned to Japan that I find myself three boyfriends. I said I would find five ... and I did!

A few weeks into my visit a Korean friend and I visited his Atelier for an afternoon of tea and conversation about art. Here we are waiting for the bus after our happy visit. In case you are wondering I am wearing the hat ...



After our day walking through downtown it was time for me to take the subway and go home to pack. I was leaving for Tokyo then next day.



When I got back to Tokyo I pushed myself to get back out into the world and start dating. I was twenty-six when I visited Vancouver for the first time.

If you are thirty and you are not married in Japan you are thought too old. Within six months I had three boy friends ... but that is a story for another day. I will tell you that I would make another trip to Vancouver later that year and that my story does have a happy ending back here in Japan.

## **An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved by G. K. Fralin**

An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved, by William Butler Yeats

"A Poet to His Beloved" was written by William Butler Yeats and published in his collection "*The Wind Among the Reeds*" in 1899. The poem is a lyrical pronouncement of his love for Maud Gonne a political activist and actress. His life went through many changes, as had hers, but the story of his devotion to Gonne is well known. Even though she never agreed to marry him, Yeats continued to love her for most of his adult life. This poem was also a part of his first collective publication of poems. It is also somewhat out of place in his first collection which is mostly tributes to historic figures. Yeats was in transition at this point moving from writing lyrical stage plays to his most notable works today as a poet.

*A Poet to His Beloved* by William Butler Yeats.

I bring you with reverent hands  
The books of my numberless dreams,  
White woman that passion has worn  
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands,  
And with heart more old than the horn  
That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:  
White woman with numberless dreams,  
I bring you my passionate rhyme.

The words "reverent hands" in Line 1 are used as a way to show his devotion and respect. Line 2 "The books of my numberless dreams" is indicative of years of holding his heart for this one woman. As a lyricist and poet, Yeats would use such words to communicate the depth of his love.

After study of this beautiful poem and learning of Yeats private life, I am determined that this poem was written as a part of one of his proposals of marriage to Maud Gonne. Yeats met her in his younger years when she sought him out. She had admired his work and was anxious to meet him.

It seems Yeats fell in love with the young woman and remained faithfully celibate even though she married another man. After her marriage ended in 1899 Yeats began proposing again, but their political differences kept her from accepting. So the following lines refer to his memory of her as a young "White" idealistic woman whose passions over the many years have taken a toll.

*"White woman that passion has worn  
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands"*

Maud Gonne was known for her tumultuous lifestyle. I don't believe that he refers only to sexual passions but to her many years of political activism, marriage and loss. Sexuality may have been hinted at here, but only in passing.

Yeats allegedly stayed true to her until their relationship was finally consummated in a one night affair in 1908.

The comparison to a tide wearing down "dove-grey sands" is a reference to her age though not in an insulting way. The next line refers to his age and long devotion.

*"And with heart more old than the horn"*

The word horn seems appropriate for this line as a "horn" was often used to proclaim or to announce a proclamation.

*"That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:"*

For this line I want to note the seeming contradiction of the words brimmed and pale in such a manner. But they are not surprising as Yeats was a very complex and often contradictory personality and it showed in his work. However; in this case I don't think he intends a contradiction but refers to how his love has grown even if his passion as he ages may be waning somewhat. It is a way of telling her his love has grown the longer they have known each other. It is as if he already is married to her in his heart of hearts. The punctuation at the end of the line has not escaped notice either. It indicates a continuation.

*"White woman with numberless dreams,"*

In continuing he refers back to his first address to her as "white woman." This is a reference to her youth. He is now focusing on what she wanted from life "with numberless dreams," he acknowledges how they both started out as idealistic and young.

Yeats never indicated that he wished her to be any other way than she was. He in fact admired her for her convictions and determination.

The last line of the poem is the presentation of this poem to his love interest.

*"I bring you my passionate rhyme."*

Yeats did finally give up on Gonne after a bland proposal at the age of 51. He no longer seemed to yearn for her. He wanted to marry and have an heir. He did marry a young woman by the name of Georgie. His life continued to leap between one political ideal and another as well as from religious convictions into mysticism and back to his Protestant roots, at least for a time. He did continue to care about Gonne and they remained friends.

A Nobel Prize winning author for some of his plays, Yeats is today known best for his poetry which took up most of the later years of his life. Though complex and wavering in his life, Yeats experimenting with views gives us a rich diversity to enjoy in his writings.

## **Science Fiction**

## ***The March of Science ...by A. J. Campbell***

Many people appear to think that theoretical science is rather a waste of time, at best an intellectual luxury and at worst a drain on available resources. Superficially, it may seem that their views are confirmed by the recent report of the British Commonwealth Scientific Office in North America, which shows that of the enormous amount of money spent by the Federal Government on scientific research during the past two years, 94 per cent, went on applied science and only 6 per cent, on basic research. But closer inspection of the report and a wider view of the sentiments of American scientists indicates quite clearly that there is great anxiety caused by these figures. A great many leading scientists in the States have expressed the view that if this unbalanced "mollycoddling" of applied science continues much longer, there will be no new basic science to be applied. They point out that it is essential for theory and application to advance together. Any other way is not progress.

Some anti-theorists may seize upon the news that element No. 99 has recently been produced at the University of California and ask what use this element is, and is the expense which led to its discovery really justified? The answer, of course, is that we don't know at the moment, but that the applied scientists now have another bottle on the shelf that they can try out for uses. The new element — provisionally called ekaholmium — was made in the cyclotron at Berkeley. It takes us one step further away from the old fashioned schoolbook story that there are only 92 elements. Perhaps there are only 92 natural elements, but man has come along and made some new ones for himself. Ekaholmium has an atomic weight of 247, is radioactive but not fissile. It is a

nuclear-additive derivative of uranium, but it has no explosive uses. Nor does it seem likely that ekaholmium will be useful in the production of atomic power. But somewhere, sometime, somebody will find a use for it. Very few scientific discoveries remain unused for long.

Even so, it does seem that some recent theoretical research by Dr. G. Bowen, an Australian scientist, will be a long time in finding application. Dr. Bowen suddenly got the idea that if man can make rain by dropping particles into clouds, maybe nature can do it similarly. He looked into the records of heavy rainfall and tried to link them up with the records for meteor showers. He found a positive correlation — heavy rain fell much more often than chance would allow just thirty days after a meteor shower. In Dr. Bowen's view, the fine meteoric dust that accompanies such showers takes about thirty days to percolate down through Earth's atmosphere to the level of the rain clouds. Some of the dust particles have the shape of a silver iodide crystal or the shape of a dry ice crystal; when they fall into the clouds they cause rain, just as man causes rain when he shoots silver iodide or dry ice into supercharged rain clouds. A point in confirmation of this theory is that the rain which falls thirty days after a meteor shower is of much the same character as that which falls when man does the job — very heavy "cloudburst" type, rather than the soft fall caused by normal atmospheric conditions. Whether this knowledge can be used is another matter.

The Radiochemical Centre at Amersham, Buckinghamshire, now makes available to industry and academic research institutions fourteen tracer aminoacids, a tracer protein and a tracer alga. These by-products of atomic

research are destined to have a very far-reaching effect on biological science. They enable researchers to study problems of animal and plant metabolism, nutrition, reproduction and circulation in a way never before possible. Simply by feeding in a tracer and holding a Geiger counter against the organism the investigator can follow the tracer wherever it goes, and at any point he can take it out again and see what has happened to it.

It seems likely that information supplied by tracers will clear up many long-standing problems in biology, will be a death blow to some theories, and will give birth to new and better explanations of what life really is. A long way from Hiroshima.

{First published in Authentic Science, 1954}

***Pictorial: Shannon as a Surreal Objet d'art***

## ***Crime, Punishment and Morals in the Future by A. M. Low***

The law is, naturally, always many years behind that elusive thing we call “*public opinion*,” often centuries behind discovery, and the question arises whether, in the near future, we shall not have to consider much more frequent alterations in our laws. In the days when the amount of material change during a man’s lifetime was small, it did not matter very much how long a law remained on the statute books. But today a single invention may completely alter circumstances in one generation and produce a set of conditions never imagined by those who made the rules of behaviour. Perhaps even more important, the social attitudes that really govern us far more than the law itself have changed. Murder is no longer common, not because of any change in the law, but because our moral values have become totally different.

Think of radio as an example of what can happen as the result of one single invention. The law concerning slander was formed when the worst that a man could do with the spoken word was to shout it to a crowd of a few thousand. Today a man can speak to hundreds of millions and disseminate his slander much further and more certainly in a shorter time than by printing. When the laws concerning the various ways in which a man could be a traitor were conceived the idea that he might live in the enemy’s country and daily speak to millions of his own countrymen would have seemed fantastic, yet this was the commonest form of treachery in the *Second World War*.

Many of the laws and rules of conduct laid down in the Old Testament, excellent in their day, have been made obsolete by scientific discovery and

invention. Observance of those laws is, therefore, symbolical and often childish; we do not want spiritualists imprisoned under laws intended to deal with witchcraft, or recreation on Sunday governed by laws made to encourage the practice of archery several centuries ago. The comedy and chaos of the betting acts arise from the fact that laws intended to protect wealthy gamblers from card sharpers are now used to decide whether a workman may pay cash for his sixpenny bet on the *Derby*. The legality of operating football pools in some particular way is decided by laws conceived before pools were invented, and long before anyone could imagine a newspaper being able to print four million copies.

The present confusion in our outlook upon capital punishment and the finding of insanity in murder cases is a good illustration. The technical attitude towards insanity has undergone a revolution in the last century, but the rules which determine “legal” insanity still cling to the days when lunatics were thrust into an open dungeon or believed to be possessed of the devil. The public today believes that it is inhuman and wrong to execute insane men and women. It would not be hard, in the fight of modern knowledge, to demonstrate that any person who commits murder is insane, but our laws and our ways of thinking are nearly 300 years behind the times. We calmly ignore everything that has been learned about the mind during the present century and proceed to execute those who are “sane,” that is, capable of knowing what they were doing, and, therefore, capable of reform. At the same time we so pamper those who are insane, that is, who suffer from disease and are virtually incurable, that a ripe old age is almost assured for anyone who is sent to *Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum*.

Where the question of sanity is raised, it is still a matter for the jury, a body of worthy men no doubt, but not skilled in examination of the mind, or, for that matter, in the weighing of the highly technical evidence which is given by experts. A man who would scoff at the idea of discovering the pressure in his car tyre by any means but a gauge will confidently give his opinion on the sanity or insanity of a man after listening to the arguments of lawyers, as if words could either establish or change facts.

In the future, we shall be far less ready to contemplate our over-full prisons with all the waste that is implied, or to think so complacently of a large police force and a vast amount of undetected crime. People will decide to face the facts instead of giving vent to the feelings inherited from tribal days. The change is not likely to be dramatic, for, although we may accept the fact of material discovery readily enough, we find it difficult to adapt our mental attitude without long delay. The public, it seems, will not demand the abolition of capital punishment, but they might tacitly agree to the reprieve of every murderer. In some countries, although capital punishment is the law, there has been no execution for fifty years. This is an example likely to be imitated before long; only a few years ago hanging for theft was considered to be very proper.

Before long other means will be sought for “curing” criminals than by imprisoning them with their fellows, putting them on a low diet and providing harsh discipline or meaningless work. Looking back we may consider it

fantastic that our parents persisted in such treatment in spite of its continued failure to bring results through so many centuries.

A society, tired of being troubled by persistent offenders, will decide to examine the problem scientifically. They will decide that the remedy for stupidity — and although we call them “clever” only the stupid lawbreakers are caught — is not to shut them up with other peculiar specimens, underfeeding them and giving work that provides neither interest nor reward, but to seek the cause of this stupidity. Perhaps it will be decided that all criminals must be abnormal, otherwise the majority of people would indulge in crime. It may be found that in many cases the cause of the fading intelligence is organic and can be corrected. A defective diet may be responsible, or various over-active or insufficiently active glands may be blamed. Unbalance of the endocrine system produces strange results. Even the idea of blaming a virus for criminal impulses would sound no more absurd today than it would have appeared ridiculous to credit scurvy to the lack of a minute substance in the diet of a century ago.

In many cases, no doubt, it will be found possible to correct abnormality. The E.E.G., the “brain-wave” recording device, can already observe an abnormality in children which is often easy to correct but which, if left untreated, might well result in the child growing up as an habitual criminal. Systematic research may reveal that there are surprisingly few cases of crime that cannot be attributed to physical or mental abnormalities capable of surgical or medical treatment. Those in whom no apparent cause can be found

will be regarded as of exceptional interest, and observation will probably pave the way to further discoveries.

Changes will obviously embrace the courts as well as prisons. It will be considered fantastic for judges to order punishments of which they have no real knowledge; only a very few of our magistrates and judges have ever regularly visited prisons or witnessed flogging or hanging. This will be considered as unscientific as a doctor ordering a medicine of which he has no knowledge at all, but which he has heard to be the “right thing.” Courts will be concerned not only in ordering punishments, but in considering treatment. They may advise so many months of sedatives, as modern courts order so many months imprisonment. They will certainly attempt to make the treatment fit *the cause of the crime and not the crime itself*; they will not delude themselves that the man who has committed bigamy, the man who has killed another as the result of carelessness and the man who has burgled a bank will all benefit by the same retribution.

A court will not always require men to wear fancy dress or false hair to give them importance. Counsel will not try only to prove that a man is guilty or innocent, but will attempt to discover whether or not he requires treatment. Examination will be as unemotional as that of a surgeon who examines a patient suspected of some operable abnormality, and the relationship of judge and prisoner will eventually become more that of doctor and patient.

Such a change of attitude suggests the possibility that judges may one day be willing to discuss abnormal tendencies with criminals prior to the commission

of crime. Perhaps there will be clinics where those who have broken the law, or feel the impulse to do so, can secure expert advice. If it is found necessary for them to become “inpatients,” little more will be thought of it than as an entry to a nursing home. Fanciful perhaps, but no greater advance in comparison than are our methods today from the time of trial by ordeal.

A discovery that may have far-reaching effects, possibly harmful unless it is well considered, is the modern technique of artificial insemination. That this subject should have been discussed by the House of Lords is in itself a sign of progress; fifty years ago the topic would have been thrown out as unfit for public discussion and a law would have been passed forbidding everything to do with so startling an “innovation” which, by the way, was known in Ancient Greece.

The insemination debate in the House of Lords brought no conclusion, although a simple recognition that new discoveries must profoundly affect our lives, in the ethical as well as the material sense, was in itself noteworthy. The traditional method of all legislative bodies has been to ignore new and awkward facts until these have made themselves so painfully felt that hasty and often ill-devised corrective methods must be taken. Too little and too late.

The barbaric stigma of illegitimacy, rising divorce figures, a birthrate with no relation to economics, increasing mental deficiency and decreasing average intelligence; these and other problems will never be truly faced, much less solved, until new facts are openly recognised. Instead, there will be legal

tinkering, the introduction of easier and easier divorce or abolition of the legal, but not social, handicaps of illegitimacy.

There is yet another problem that the future must face. Some progress has been made in sex determination. Before very long it may occasionally be possible for parents to choose for themselves whether they will have a boy or a girl. The natural processes by which the ratio between male and female population is maintained could then, to some extent, be in the hands of men to control. Will future generations face this challenge and decide how it should affect their laws and social behaviour, or will they bury their heads and declare that it is “unnatural” until the time comes when chaos threatens? It might be too late to achieve what seems immediately desirable by selective taxation, the offer of bribes or even the state ordering of sex. We have only to consider that, at present, when parents can choose the sex of their adopted children, the demand is ten times as great for girls as boys, to see the grave economic implications that will arise if sex selection becomes generally practicable.

To ignore facts is not a remedy. Inventions cannot be legislated out of existence, and it is only by full presentation of the facts to the public that a proper solution of the problems caused by progress can be decided. Future men and women will not be hypnotised by words and slogans as we are today. To condemn these new practices as against nature is to take refuge in an outmoded phase. It is the word-magic of the tribal medicine man dressed in twentieth-century clothing. An aluminium leg is “unnatural”; so is an operation for appendicitis or the use of disinfectants. It is history that anaesthetics was condemned as irreligious, and although this is not a common

view today many mothers-to-be suffer from the old prejudice. The generations to come will soon regard physiological processes as an extension of the control over environment which has helped man to retain his position as the most successful of all animals. Materially and legally, control of our species may be regarded as a very natural development of the process of selection for which the “artificiality” of Rhesus tests before marriage are a useful form of insurance.

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*Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich*

## **A Novella**

## ***Homo Sacer Ultima by Patrick Bruskiewich***

*Homo Sacer: [Latin] a man who is both blessed and cursed at the same time, and can be set to death, without the killer being regarded as a murderer. A person expunged from society, deprived of rights, and considered expendable. A status set upon a person who has breached a solemn oath. An outcast or outlaw.*

*Ultima: [Latin] The supreme or ultimate of something.*

They stopped counting at thirty billion. That was several decades back. Like a field of wild flowers thriving in the warmth of the sun, humanity had grown unhindered, on the Master Planet Terra, then up in LEO, then onto and into the Moon that moles, and next to the surface of Mars, which was terraformed.

When this was still inadequate humanity spilled over to a growing number of asteroids, planetoids and satellites spanning six astronomical units in Solaris. For a generation, even comets were tried as habitats, but that experiment proved too problematic ... we were told. The *cometoids* as they were known, were criminals serving out long sentences of indentured servitude, rebelled for want of a more secure *gulagos*. They were the first of the modern day *Homo Sacer*.

In the midst of all this progress, heavy industry had ceased its existence on Terra, administration and agriculture became the master planet's main and only function. This bold step was meant to end the wretched undoing of the

pristine beauty of Earth. The climate had changed so much that the equatorial band was all but inhabitable due to arid and acidic trade winds. And humanity had been pushed into narrower and narrower habitable zones between the 23<sup>rd</sup> and the 63<sup>rd</sup> parallels. The world was divided North and South, East and West. To cross the land, the air or the oceans across the equatorial band was a peril few hazarded to take.

Then it was discovered that the great crack in the crust of the Earth in the Marianas was gulping in millions of tonnes of ocean water every sol, turning Terra arid, while quenching the spin of the Earth and diminishing the magnetic field protecting Terra's atmosphere from the solar wind. But only a few trusted administrators knew this. The populace could not be told this. How could the masses be told this – for they would want *something done* about this!

But no one knew what could be done to close the fissure and quench the Earth's appetite for its oceans. The thirst was growing perceptibly. Predictions were that Terra would become arid in a century or two. But then the obvious began as the water forced itself into the chemistry of the crust and the ring of fire began to erupt in a ferocity unrecorded in all humanity. The Pacific was the worst of it, due to its proximity to the Marianas. Tsunamis began to occur on an all too familiar basis. And then there was the release of gases and aerosols into the trade winds ... and then in short order the equatorials became uninhabitable.

And while all this was going on there was a steady and silent consolidation of power in an elite that deemed themselves as naturals to ruler. It was under the edicts of international emergencies, starting with the great plague of 2019 – 2025 that over time civil liberties began to evaporate away and the once pleasant way of life so many billions had taken for granted was replaced with the harsh pragmatics of the time.

The survival of humanity necessitated this! In a assured desperation humanity pressed out in Solaris to find new homes, on the Moon, on Mars and a thousand other places in Solaris. .

Amidst all this it was in 2057 that the symbol first appeared, a decade or so after the UNO closed its doors forever. The press out into space was too much for any single nation state to lead, or even any coalition of states. It had taken all the efforts of the space-faring nations to habitat first the moon, then Mars.

Amidst all this desperation an Asian consortium took it upon themselves to capture a few asteroids and transport them to Mars and the Moon, to harvest them for water ice and other precious resources. This was an attempt to break themselves free from the costly transportation of strategic resources from the Earth. The Consortium's sign was a red star.

Is it a coincidence then that a six sided gold star was the sign of Master Planet Terra? There were five sided stars in so many flag and symbols of earlier times. Was a sixth side not then a measure of progress? Each side represented one of the layers that insulated the elite from the masses. If you were granted

the six sided star symbol then you had nothing to worry about – it was the iron rice bowl. You worked your way to this title one ray at a time. No one less than fifty-two Terrain years had ever been made *Six-Side*.

Over time, and perhaps inevitably, Six-Side became a matriarchal administration – women were after all, better at administration and a margin of even a small part of a percent in their work efficiency could costs the lives of millions or wipe out an entire colony somewhere in Solaris.

All men were eventually forced off the Master Planet, except *homo pleasuris*. *Enfantis naturalis* were no longer born on Terra, the last such child being birthed on the Master Planet in 2161 – *In vitro matriarchalis* replacing *enfantis naturalis*. After all, men were no longer needed, their function replaced by genomic robots.

The men were forced off world where their work was. By the middle of the 22<sup>nd</sup> century most of the industrial capacity of humanity had migrated off-world, much of it ending up on the asteroid belt with the manifests and schedules of transit to and from the *Asteroidal Consolidated Manufacturing Enterprises* set out by a super computer on Mars to accommodate the short communication times. There were also smaller regional manufacturers near the many thousands of off Terra human colonies scattered across Solaris. These light industries supplying mostly consumer goods and consumables like clothing, furniture and appliances.

Agriculture was distributed across Solaris, managed by *Six-Sides* which were experts in their crops. Meaningful labor had been rationally decided by *Six-Sides* on the Master Planet, based on an assay of your genomic signature, and depending on the carrying capacity and the productiveness of your colony, children were allowed, usually one per family unit. If more than one was forthcoming, the child could either remain with their family unit but only after they undergone a mandatory orchiectomy or oophorectomy, or they would find a new placement elsewhere, never to be seen again by their biological parents.

Before having children, a man or a woman who decided to have a mandatory were given a bonus to their monthly food allowance. A family who kept their second child, even after their '*mandatories*', had a penalty set their monthly food allowance. If they fought the '*mandatories*' – the entire family unit became *Homo Sacer*.

Capital punishment for *Homo Sacers* was unnecessary – instead punishment was allowed to take its natural course. One merely looked the other way. The cruel inevitability that beset *Homo Sacer* was a strong and lasting message ... comply or die!

Planning was the word, but there were always unplanned events. The push was to balancing out in the end. But humanity continued to flourish and more and more *spatium animam* was needed. In another half century, by 2200, it would be time to skip over to Saturn. The surreal estate agents were already

hard at work trying to persuade the *Six-Sides* to declare the Titan edict of 2101 null and void so they could open Titan as the next great oasis of humanity.

But before this happened, a small group of humans seeking their freedom and a better existence surreptitiously set sail to distant star *Proxima Centauri*, and the prospect of life outside the ponderous and officious authority of the *Six-Sides*.

Somehow they were found out. These humans became *Homo Sacer Ultima* – the ultimate outcasts who knew if they failed in their great quest they could not return to the Solaris, for if they did that their lives would be forfeit and their genes forever struck from the great genomic registry on Ganymede.

They also knew if they succeeded an even greater punishment awaited them. A sentence of indentured servitude at the barren edges of Solaris, somewhere in the far off Kuiper Belt or even more distant Oort Cloud.

If even one of them returned to Solaris, it would set forth the inevitable. It would be a matter of time before a great crusade would gather from all the corners of Solaris to set forth to find and to punish the colonists on *Proxima Centauri* for their impudence and arrogance.

*Six-Sides* were supreme, and they figured that if not what but total chaos would ensue, and a return to the previous era when Covid, Conflict and Chaos had plagued all of humanity.

And so it was that the Crusade stood ready to set forth! I know of this story first hand for I am one of these *Homo Sacer* – and probably the most accursed of them all – for it was I *Patricius* who led these outcasts on their quest, and it is I who have freely returned to Solaris to argue for their freedom.

### *I Patricius ... Homo Sacer Ultimas*

It was I who was cast in chains by the *Six-Sides* and transported back to the Terra, back to be paraded through the streets of the great capitol and hence before them.

Have you ever heard the scorn of billions? It rattles the bones and the determination of even the strongest man. It took all my strength not to weep.

Where was their humanity that they claimed to be protecting? I had hoped to be tried in full view of Terrans, but instead I was set naked before a Magistrate. She sat high up on her podium looking down at me. Dressed in her colorful garb and wearing stern steel-framed glasses, it was she who would try me, and only she, in a huge cold dark room with no one watching over her shoulders, except on net.

I did a three sixty. I knew the door I had been led in was some distance behind me. I shuffled one hundred steps to get here from there. Outside of the two bright spot lights, one beamed on me and another shining on her, there was complete blackness. The room was deathly quiet. If there were others in the

room they were hid away. Perhaps with just the two of us, something noble would happen?

I did not have to wait long for it to begin.

“What do you have to say for yourself, prisoner?” was her opening words.

“I am a free man ...” What else could I say holding my chains mockingly before me?

“Free ... you are enchain'd before me. How can you be free?”

“You can bind my hands and feet ... but you cannot bind my mind, my soul, nor my heart.”

Suddenly, and without warning something blessed happened, but before I tell you what it was ... let me continue.

“Why do you want to be free?” she asked.

“Because that is the natural state of being, is it not.”

“Natural state? Since when?”

“Since man has walked this planet.” The choice of the word man antagonized her.

“Nonsense! What nonsense. Man has never been free! You exist to serve!”

“I have read there was a time when man was free.”

“Read? Since when can men read?” “Who taught you?”

“My mother did ...”

“She was wrong to do that ... and this freedom you read about.” She matronized me. “You have read wrong, or have wrongly read.”

You wonder what blessed thing had happened? The Magistrate had removed my shackles! They had noiselessly been unclasped and it took me a moment to realize I was no longer bound around my wrists and ankles.

“Magistrate ...” I thought I might press my luck.

“Yes prisoner ...”

“I am cold ... may I have something to wear?”

“No, I will raise the room temperature for you.”

“Why can I not wear garments?”

“You know why! ”

“Do I?” In fact I did but perhaps if I feigned ignorance.

“Garments are not to be worn by *Homo Sacer*. This is what you are. Beside ...

“Besides?” What other reason could there be? I thought looking up at the aged magistrate. Then it dawned on me that she was not as aged as I thought she was.

“Besides ...” I thought I heard a slight clearing of her throat. “I need to know if you are telling the truth.”

“My words are always truthful!”

“We shall see!” Aha ... there was an angle her I could exploit.

“See what?” I chortled.

“Words are not enough!” she retorted sternly. “There are ... biometrics ... capillary response .., thermography ... I need to know whether you are telling me the truth by closely studying you. A man’s body never lies!

I pressed her buttons. “Neither does a woman’s!”

“Prisoner be mindful where you are and who you are talking to!”

I suddenly felt weak to my knees. The instant the shackles unbound my ankles I had started to sway. Before being brought here I had trudged for days and days and days. I now felt very tired.

I peered up at the magistrate. “I need to sit!”

“I thought you men could stand forever!” she said mockingly.

“I am not from Terran … you know that. I am not use to such gravity!”

There was a pause. The Magistrate was obviously caught unawares by my asking. “You … may … sit,” she said slowly.

I looked around the room. “What may I sit on?”

“On … the … floor, prisoner.” Her loud words echoed off the distant walls.

So I sat myself down cross-legged onto the cold floor and remained silent.

It was a minute or two before she asked her next question. Her voice was solemn. “Why did you return to Solaris?”

I had not expected her to ask me this question so early on in my trial. At this point I did not want to discuss this issue. But I wondered nonetheless why she had asked. I did not want to answer her question so I asked a question myself.

“What am I on trial for? What am I accused of?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Her voice had an edge to it.

Here was my first real chance for me to push back. “No, to be perfectly honest, it is not obvious to me.”

“You are *expected* to follow the *Laws* of Solaris like everyone else.” She emphasized expected and Laws.

“But I no longer reside in Solaris ... You have no jurisdiction over me.”

There was a pause as she looked down at me. “We shall see ... you are here.”

“I am here, that is true, but I chose to be here of my own free will!” She ignored what I had just said and pressed on.

“You are human ...” she said officially.

“Yes... I am human ...”

“So you are governed by the Laws of Solaris, which governs all humans.”

“But … Magistrate … even though I am human, I no longer reside within the Solaris system and therefore am free to decide my own laws!”

“Where then do you and your human compatriots reside?”

I knew the Magistrate very well knew the answer to her question before she even asked it. My ship had been thoroughly studied when I arrived, although I had disassembled the navigational equipment before I beamed my log back to my new home planet in the *Proxima Centuari* star system.

“They are somewhere outside the jurisdiction of Solaris and all its laws.”

“How many … humans are with you?”

I smiled and stayed silent.

“But you are human. Where were you born?”

Why did she need to ask me? She knew the answer. “… I was born on Mars.”

“I see that in your AS twenty-two states your profession is a soybean farmer.”

“Huh. Your docket is out of date isn’t it!”

“No, it is you who is mistaken. The docket reflects the Law and all humans, including you, are governed by the Laws of Solaris.”

I smiled … “ah but only if they reside within Solaris. I am no longer a soybean farmer am I! I am a great explorer.”

She laughed. “A great explorer!”

“Judge, may I ask you something?”

“I will answer only if your question has meaning. Ask then?”

“Have you ever grown soybeans?”

“No … what a silly question!”

“Can I ask you another question?”

“Yes …”

“Do you know how to do anything other than sit and judge others?”

There was a silence.

“Have you ever travelled off-world?”

“No ... I have no need to.”

“Not even to do something for yourself?”

“Like what?”

“A holiday, a break, an escape perhaps ... to the Moon or Mars?”

“I have everything I need here.”

“You have never left Terran have you, not once?”

She shook her head.

“Then how can you sit in judgment of me ... and men like me ... who toil for you and many others like you ... who are you to judge me ... and how are you to judge me ... when you do not know what our lives are like? What is law about?”

“Law is about order!” She barked back. “Law is about law!”

“Isn’t law about humanity? Isn’t law about happiness, and well-being and perhaps truth as well?”

“Who taught you these ridiculous notions?”

“My mother did …”

“She raised a fool, your mother did!” She picked up her gavel and struck the podium harshly. “I pass sentence now. You are to return to Mars and your soybeans …”

I stood and smiled. “My family and children are finally free!”

“You choose to defy me and you will be sent to goal.”

“I do defy you!”

She leaned forward and sternly looked down at me. “But first you will me manditoried.” She said this harshly.

I laughed. “Am I a fool to prefer to die as a free man … than serve as a slave?” And with my own hand I wrenched my neck such and broke my spine and expired. I was conscious just long enough to see the magistrate, taken aback by what I had done, fall back into her chair and frown.

“You are indeed a fool … *Homo Sacer Ultima* …”

But she did not grant me the dignity of my own death and I live on in a sort of stasis that sees machines breathe for me and a constant effort by their doctors to probe my mind. This is how I can talk to you, in my dreams.

And the *Six-Sides* they toil to find out the ultimate answer to the ultimate question:

I am sixty years old ... but a trip to *Proxima Centauri* takes forty years.

How then had I gone there and come back so quickly?

**Pictorial: Well dear ... what do you think of my new dress?**



## **Canadian Poems**

***Six Poems by Albert D. Watson (1859 – 1926)***

**The Comet**

Spectral, mysterious, flame-like thing  
Cleaving the western night,  
Waking from chrysalis-dream to fling  
Out of thy spirit's long chastening  
Far-flashing streams of light.

Tell us thy thought of the things that are;  
How doth the morning sing?  
What hast thou seen in the worlds afar ?  
Tell us thy dream, O thou silvery star.  
Bird with the white-flame wing.

What though the glow of thy fading ray  
Dim and elusive seem.  
Constant thou art to the sun's bright sway  
Faithful and true in thy tireless way.  
True in thy spectral gleam.

Rising anew from thine ancient pyre.  
Vapour and dust thy frame,  
Still art thou Psyche, the soul's desire.  
Wingless, save when from reefs of fire

Mounting in shaft of flame.

### **God and Man**

God is eternity, the sky, the sea.  
The consciousness of universal space,  
The source of energy and living grace.  
Of life and light, of love and destiny,  
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,  
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place  
Amid the stars that move before His face  
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,  
A wave of ocean surging on the shore.  
One substance with the sea; a wing to soar  
Forever onward to the peaks afar,  
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,  
A child of the eternal—such is man.

### **The Sacrament**

The World was build'd out of flame and storm.  
The oak, blast-beaten on the hills, stands forth,  
Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken, crushed  
And sifted in the fiery crucible;

The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts must dare  
The billowy surge beneath the stern white stars  
To net the finny harvests of the sea.  
No boon is won, but some true hero dies.

Therefore is every gift a sacrament.  
And every service is a holy thing —  
Not unto him whose filthy pence unearned  
The treasure buys, but to the one who takes  
The gift with reverence from that unknown  
Who went forth brave and strong, came broken back,  
But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

### **Dream-Valley**

I know a vale where the oriole swings  
Her nest to the breeze and the sky,  
The iris opens her petal wing's  
And a brooklet ripples by;  
In the far blue is a cloud-drift,  
And the witch-tree dresses,  
With a rare charm in the warm light,  
Her long dream-tresses.  
But yestermorn—or was it a dream?  
When daisies were drinking the dew,  
I wandered down by the little stream,

And who was there but you?  
Though nature smiled with the old joy  
To the boldest comer,  
It was your voice and the wild-bird's  
Were the soul of summer.  
When bowed with the toils of many years,  
I would rest, if it be Love's will.  
In a vale where the bird songs to my ears  
Come floating across the hill.  
With the sweet breath of the June air  
And the purple clover.  
And the lone dream of the old love.  
And the blue skies over.

### **The Lily**

Emblem of beauty and sorrow.  
Twine with each wistful to-morrow  
The past with its memories teeming  
And all its dear innocent dreaming.  
Go thou, O Lily, and o'er her cast  
The drifting breath of the wind-swept hills;;  
Sing her the music of forest rills;  
Whisper a dream of the sacred past;  
Lie on her heart till the angels wake  
Her deathless love for the old time's sake.

Still to that love I am turning  
Though beyond reach of my yearning;  
And never the vision shall vanish  
Nor time nor eternity banish  
That dream so splendid of love and tears  
That still transfigures the lonely years.  
Go, Lily, go with my love and lie  
Close to her heart and never die;  
To her with my love I bequeath you,  
Fair as the glow of the golden sky  
When twilight falls and the breezes sigh,  
Sweet as the bosom beneath you,  
Pure as the dew on the glistening sod.  
White as the snowflake, perfect as God.

### A Prayer

O thou whose finger-tips.  
From out the unveiled universe around.  
Can touch my human lips  
With harmonies beyond the range of sound;

Whose living word.  
All vital truth revealing,  
My soul hath stirred  
To raptures holy, comforting and healing;

Beneath, around, above.  
Breathe on me atmospheres  
Of universal Love —  
The music of the timeless years;

Upon my soul,  
Pour vast eternities of might,  
Up through my being roll  
Deep seas of light  
To urge me onward to the Goal,  
The Infinite, the Whole.

**Pictorial: The Three Women I danced with Last Night**



*The soprano, the bartender, the pint-sized brunette.*

## **Prose**

## ***The Philosopher who Philosophizes by Henry Miller***

As a species the philosophers have always bored me to death. The profession has always seemed to me to be an unnatural one, an activity removed from life. (This is a criticism which does not come to my head, for example, when thinking of a Hindu or a Tibetan sage.) At the same time philosophy itself excites me, much as good wine does: I accept it not only as a legitimate part of life but as a *sine qua non*, a without which no life. Nothing, however, is sadder, more dismal, dingy, mingy, picayune than the lives of certain philosophers. It is as if they had become, or rebecome, queasy, quaky, archaic little men whose whole lives are mortgaged by the obsession for constructing miniature soul-houses to be occupied only after death. The man can be one thing, a tiny louse, let us say, and the philosophy another, perhaps a crushing, devastating world conception which nobody can swallow, not even the philosopher himself. The process of refining and segregating Idea, of making it "pure," so to speak, inevitably brings about a muddiness which is fortunately lacking in the original chaos. I have a mental image of the philosophic systems of the world lying like a net above the surface of human activity; from his remote and lofty perch the philosopher looks down through the curd-like net and discovers in the affairs of men nothing but dreck.

All this is not by way of saying that Keyserling is the first philosopher whom I can stomach. No, there are times when Keyserling too bores me to death. But with Keyserling there comes a new element, an heroic and adulterative one which, like the discovery of the microbe world in the human organism, stimulates and complicates the problem of health and clarity. Keyserling is

the first philosopher to use a sky-light—or a periscope. He may plunge as deep as the whale but he never forgets the sky above, nor the fact that it is the sky towards which men are turning instinctively for relief and assuagement. Keyserling comes at a time when both sea and sky are being heavily explored. He is the new type of spiritual adventurer, the Plutonic heralder who faces both ways, who is at home above and below, who reconciles East and West and yet never loses hold of the tiller. Built like a Viking, with an unquenchable fire in his guts and a pantheon for a brain, he has dedicated his life to quest and conquest. For me he represents the genuine metamorphic thinker, one capable of navigating in any medium. He is endowed with an indestructible skeletal structure and a crystalline transparency usually observable only in lower forms of life.

I first came upon Keyserling's vast symphonic musings at a fortuitous moment in my life. For forty years I had been sound asleep and thrashing about with furious activity. Life had become nothing but this noisy breathing which signifies nothing. Through a rencontre with an extraordinary person I suddenly awoke, looked about, and saw what I had never seen before—the cosmos. And then, right to hand, was one of Keyserling's books — *Creative Understanding* — which I devoured ravenously. It was like the first mouthful of bread after a long fast; even the hard, tough crust tasted good. I allowed this food to roll about in my guts a long while before venturing to taste another morsel. The next time I picked up Keyserling, I remember, was during a sea voyage. This time it was *The Travel Diary*. I did not begin at the beginning, but glanced here and there at the chapters dealing with those countries which most interest me — China and India. I saw the philosopher in his undershirt,

a frail weatherbeaten man, puzzled, ravished, perplexed, roving amidst a fauna and flora which were constantly changing and shifting; I saw that he was most extraordinarily fallible, permeable, malleable. I rejoiced for him, and even enjoyed his occasional discomfiture.

Another time, in bed, I began the great South American saga of the soul. I was privileged to experience that indescribable pleasure of being electrified in the midst of a heavy torpor. The whole cosmos suddenly began to wheel before me. I felt the blood which the earth has given to man restored to earth to run in tumultuous subterranean rivers, to flow sluggishly among the constellations, to burst the trunks of fat tropical trees, to dry and bake in the peaked Andes, to slumber in the land-and-water beasts, the shell-backed monsters, the hypnotic and fatalistic ophidians: I saw a man take a continent by the scalp and wash it in the sea, shaking loose its hair-like dreams and silences, laying its blood out in thick slabs and dissecting it, selecting with a most dexterous digital manipulation its fragile, doomed inhabitants one by one, group by group, race by race, generation by generation, the whole multimillenary ancestral horde living and dead, ghastly and ghostly, full-blown, fly-blown, scoriated, striated, truncated, pulped, battered, a rich plasma of dead and living, of souls, ghosts, mummies, spirits, noumena, phenomena, succubi, incubi, and plough them through with the iron harrow of thought's brutal logic; then taking gold and dross together, with the goldsmith's finest balance, weigh, assay, test and attest, in order, like a dreaming Titan, to set moving in the sleep of thought a timeward litter of words which would arrange itself in the form of a significant whole. This I glimpsed whilst felling asleep one night, and it was a special dress rehearsal

put on for me by the same gaunt Viking in swallow-tail coat who prefers champagne with his evening meal, who gesticulates like a god of thunder, who strokes his beard meditatively and sits alone sometimes, oft times, to reflect, meditate and pray, or to gather back into him the vast sperm and spew which he is capable of ejecting on the slightest provocation.

Such an experience is definitely not in the philosophic scheme of things. I had to recast my notion of “philosopher.” I had to take the situation philosophically. I had to admit, above all, that for the first time in my life I was witnessing a philosopher lose himself in the world—not only lose himself, but drown himself, and not only drown, but immolate himself: had to confess that more miraculous still was the sight of him rising from the grave with the stake through his body, the sight of him defiantly flinging it off—stake, world, water, waves, heavy ether, soporific excrescences, end dreams, blood vistas, horoscopic hallucinations, dead thought clinkers, social pus habits, all, all, the while making an airy music above in the pink clouds drenching the mountain top. Nor was I any longer surprised when I heard him blow the conch and roll the kettle drum, nor when whooping it up along the Appalachian spine he suddenly burst into the Rig-Veda.

This is what I call philosophizing. It is something other than making philosophy—something plus. Here the creative becomes the thing-in-itself, and not vice versa: the exercise of a faculty and not the product of the exercise. Living the every-day life whilst spinning the most tenuous tough web. Not the soul-house of incarceration but the light-meshed web of the divine diaphane. In this transparent garb studded with dead flies, dead thought matter, dead

meteoric systems, dead mouse-traps, dead passkeys, we advance page after page, foot by foot, millimeter by millimeter, through the Keyserling underworld sea. At times we are lifted clean out of the waters and rushed aloft like a screaming condor. The world systems pass in review, those already formulated and those not yet formulated. With myriad-minded mythological eye we pierce the stale imperfections that cement life to life and death to death. We become habituated to all climates, all conditions of weather, all forms of blight, pestilence, sorrow and suffering; we peregrinate in non-peripatetic style, eschewing the perimeter, the axes, the hypotenuse, avoiding angles, squares, triangles: instead we adopt the lymphatic slide, follow the interstitial, interstellar parabolas. In the deep-holed world conceptions scattered between star births and star deaths we shimmer with spangled webs, radiant, dewy, misty, effulgent with philosophic dust. Where now the god who was nailed to the cross? Where the man with the lantern? Where the ferryman, the fire-eater, the logos dealer, the lotus healer, the Gorgon, the flat-footed Moloch? What has become of man, mollusc of molluscs?

Keyserling's style . . . there is something prehistoric about it. Of a morning he awakes in a volcanic mood, and he erupts. What is terrifying and unbearable, in his style, is not the heavy Baltic or Pomeranian redundancy, but the inundating effect. We are enlightened, blessed, baptized and drowned. There is every variety of inundation—by air, fire, earth and water, by lava, slag, cinders, by relics, monuments, symbols, signs and portents. The very secrets of the earth are belched forth and with them the scintillating pre-diluvial records of man. Throughout the convulsive record there are pages of oceanic calm in which one can hear the breathing of whales and other leviathans of

the deep; there are celestial sunrises too, as on the morning of creation when even the fledgling lark can be heard caroling in the blue. And there are great frozen tracts in which the air itself turns blue as a knuckle and the marrow of wisdom is held in icy suspense.

Keyserling is a sort of red-feathered giant from the tundras, a megalithic Mameluke of the Lemurian Age who has created his own polyphonetic, polyphylacteric alphabet. His language is something forged by hand out of meteoric rock; there is no sensuality, no humor in it. It contains the seeds of all that was dreamed of by man in the cataclysmic beginnings of the world: it is not a blood language but a schist-cyst-and-quartz medium. And yet, like all those of royal strain, he is capable of showing tenderness, humility, true humility. He will take the pains, in a letter, to answer a microscopic point, if the point is worth answering. He will begin on a post-card and end by presenting you with an album. With the superabundant energy of a colossus he will uncover a ton of debris in order to bring to light an infinitesimal speck of radium with which to illumine the question. He does not impose his verdict; he turns his searchlight on the problem. He is a visionary of heavy substance, a seer who looks into the bowels of the earth as well as into the blue. He is equipped with the most sensitive antennae and the boring tusk of a rhinoceros to boot.

The ordinary reader is killed off—not by the back-breaking *longueurs* à la Proust or Henry James, nor by the learned abracadabra of a Joyce, but by the unaccustomed variety of media through which the muscular flow of thought cleaves and surges. People have accused him of being derivative, assimilative,

synthetic. The truth is that he is analgesic and amalgamatic. As the thought flows it congeals, imprisoning in the most marvelous veined clots the hemorrhages produced by the terrifying lesions which his impetuous ardor opens up. He is a thinker who attacks with the whole body, who emerges at the end of a book bleeding from every pore. With Keyserling the spirit goes berserker. It is the rage of the giants who, weary of earthly conquests, flung themselves at the heavens. He makes a blood marriage with the spirit: Apis the Bull goring the Holy Ghost in ecstasy. Sometimes it seems more like God lying down on the operating table with his adopted son Hermann and exchanging vital fluids: a last minute operation in preparation for the final ordeal, the quest and conquest of death.

{essay written in Corfu on the occasion of Keyserling's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, 1940}

## ***Malou Gets Her Man by A. Free***

If there was anything Malou loved, it was swimming in the “altogether.” When she was a little girl, she had lived out in the country, and there had been a pond on her father’s farm. Nobody else ever went near it, and, many times, she had gone to swim in it au natural. The memory of these happy childhood days had always lingered, even though Malou now had grown into a splendid, clean limbed, lithe young lady of twenty.

One reason she had accepted an invitation to the Torrenton’s house party was that she knew of the splendid, large cement pool behind the house, beautifully shaded by tall trees, and just a step or two from the house.

Malou had retired at one o’clock; but she hadn’t gone to sleep. It was hot in the house. The party had been a hot one. Even the cocktails had made her hotter. She lay awake in bed, tossing and turning, thinking of that cool cement tank not far behind the house.

She listened intently. Everyone seemed to have retired now. There was not a sound anywhere, and the Torrenton’s, she knew, kept no dogs.

Rising, she turned on the light. Stepped out of her pajamas. Got, from an upper drawer where she had put it when she unpacked for a week end, her brief, black, knit bathing suit. She was about to slip into it when she caught sight of herself in the full length mirror on the back of the door.

And what a sight it was. A long, slim, clean limbed body, built for speed. A body topped by a small, well-shaped head, and a face as pretty as the law of nature in such matters allows. A face equipped with twin, large, blue eyes; fitted with eyelids that contained long, cheek dusting lashes. A tiny, hollow equipped neck; beautifully rounded and dimpled shoulders. A flat, soft white torso.

Her hips were narrow, and her thighs were svelte and sleek. She discarded the bathing suit and decided to take a chance. Everybody was in bed. Tiptoeing carefully from the room she went downstairs, through the long hall that led to the rear, and found the kitchen. There was bright moonlight outside, and its argent light penetrated at the windows so that, with her eyes accustomed to the dark, she could see quite clearly.

Without difficulty she found and opened the back door. Stepped out upon the path that led to the pool. Not a sound had she heard so far. She wished that modern life were just a trifle more daring than it is, so that she might, without losing his respect, let young Tarrenton, who had just come back from a long inspection of his father's interests in Canada, see her as she was now.

As she walked along toward the pool, she re-membered how he had looked at her that evening. It seemed that every moment when he hadn't been bringing her something to eat or drink, or dancing with her, he had been looking at her. At thirty he had developed into a splendid young man, with almost red, soft hair, a handsome face and a strong, well set body.

If he could see her now, she giggled, he'd probably do something beyond just stare at her; he'd want to marry her. And Howard Tarrenton was the only man Malou had ever seen that she would have thought of marrying.

Arriving at the edge of the pool, where it was somewhat dark from the trees, Malou found her way out upon the springboard, poised for a moment, gave a bound; curved, thrillingly through the air, and ended in a perfect dive entering the water as cleanly as an arrow.

Under the water she shot through coolness for several feet, and came to the surface, at the shallow end of the tank, squarely into the arms of a man!

“Oh!” said Malou.

“My goodness!” said the man; “you haven’t got anything on!”

“I haven’t got anything on you,” she charged, self-possessed in spite of everything.

“I didn’t think anyone else would come out here this time of morning,” he explained, “otherwise I’d have—but, you see up in Canada, during the warm weather, it’s so sparsely settled up there, and the lakes are so secluded that one learns to swim, au naturel—it’s the swellest way in the world to swim, as evidently you have noticed.”

“And how!” Malou agreed.

“It’s Howard, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” he said, “it’s Howard; and you’re Malou Wentworth, aren’t you?”

“Now that we know each other,” she said, “I suppose I’d better hurry back to the house.”

“No,” he said, “let me go, and you stay here; I’ve had my swim. You’ve just come.”

“Since we can’t see each other,” she suggested, “suppose we both stay.”

“I was hoping you’d say that,” he told her.

“If you’ll let me go,” she suggested, I’ll swim around awhile.”

“Oh! I beg your pardon,” he said, “I forgot I was holding you.” With some difficulty he released his tight grip upon her and she swam away. A moment later he heard a startled:

“Oh! My head!” And then silence.

Frantically Howard swam toward the spot where he had heard the startled exclamation. He found her limp in the water near the edge of the pool. Evidently, he decided, she had lost her bearings and swum headlong against

the cement side of the pool. He pulled her toward the shallow end, picked her soft wet slippery body up into his arms, carried her out and laid her down upon the edge of the pool.

Not knowing what else to do, he chaffed her hands and the rest of her body, supposing that this might possibly stir up some sign of life; but, when nothing happened, he picked her up again and went toward the house. Inside the house, he carried her up to her room; put her down gently upon the bed, turned on the night reading lamp near the bed.

He hastily retreated to his room, slipped into a pair of pajamas and a bathrobe and returned. She still lay perfectly still as he had left her. He racked his brains frantically to think of something to do; but no idea suggested itself except perhaps that a drink of liquor might aid in bringing her to.

He retreated again, hastily, to his room; secured a bottle of whiskey and returned to her side. She had not, so far as he could see, stirred. Putting an arm around behind her he lifted up her head and poured some of the whiskey between her lips. She choked, stirred; sighed, opened her eyes.

“You’re in your own room,” he said, forestalling her; “I guess you bumped your head against the cement side of the pool. I’d better go and stir up somebody and get a doctor.”

“Oh no, don’t,” she advised. “I’ll be all right; and if you do that, people will wonder and talk about how we happened to be out in the pool together, and how you happened to be in here and everything. That wouldn’t do at all!”

“I guess you’re right,’ he admitted, “but what can I do? What treatment do you suggest?”

“You might start by covering me up with some-thing,” she suggested reprovingly. “You should have thought of that in the first place.”

He blushed and got a cover to throw over her.

“Now what shall I do?” he asked helplessly.

“Stop looking worried,” she advised, “and just stay here with me and hold my hand; I feel sort of dizzy, as though I were floating away.”

She half closed her eyes, and, in a panic, he took her into his arms. He could not have told precisely how it happened; but, at any rate, he found her lips very close to his and kissed them. This seemed to revive her a little so he kissed them again and again, let his mouth dwell upon them. He took her tightly into his arms. She said “Oh!” much as she had when she ran into the concrete.

It was at breakfast the following morning that they met again.

“How do you feel this morning?” Howard asked anxiously so soon as they were alone.

“I’ve got the devil of a headache,” she told him. “What happened any-way? Why did you go away and leave me; I might have died.”

“You were alive enough when I left you,” he told her in surprise.

“You don’t remember a single thing about my reviving you, and giving you an, er—treatment ?”

“What kind of treatment?” she asked, with wide, blue innocent eyes.

“Why, er—first aid,” he stammered. “I am astounded that you don’t remember.”

“Tell me all about it,” she begged.

“The treatment,” he began, “went something like this.” He started kissing her violently.

But the treatment was no news to Malou; for, of course, she had never actually bumped her head at all in the first place.

**Pictorial: Malou**



## ***The Ring by Anais Nin***

In Peru it is the custom among the Indians to exchange rings for a betrothal, rings that have been in their possession for a long time. These rings are sometimes in the shape of a chain.

A very handsome Indian fell in love with a Peruvian woman of Spanish descent, but there was violent opposition on the part of her family. The Indians were purported to be lazy and degenerate, and to produce weak and unstable children, particularly when married to Spanish blood.

In spite of the opposition, the young people carried out their engagement ceremony among their friends. The girl's father came in during the festivities and threatened that, if he ever met the Indian wearing the chain ring the girl had already given him, he would tear it from his anger in the bloodiest manner, and if necessary cut his finger off. The festivities were spoiled by this incident. Everybody went home, and the young people separated with promises to meet secretly.

They met one evening after many difficulties, and kissed fervently for a long while. The woman was exalted by his kisses. She was ready to give herself, feeling that this might be their last moment together, for her father's anger was growing every day. But the Indian was determined to marry her, determined not to possess her in secrecy. Then she noticed that he did not have the ring on his finger. Her eyes questioned him. He said in her ear, ‘I am wearing it, but not where it can be seen. I am wearing it where no one can see

it, but where it will prevent me from taking you or any other woman until we are married.'

'I don't understand,' said the woman. 'Where is the ring?'

Then he took her hand, led it to a certain place between the legs. The woman's fingers felt his penis first of all, and then he guided her fingers and she felt the ring there at the base of it. At the touch of her hand, however, the penis hardened and he cried out, because the ring pressed into it and gave him excruciating pain.

The woman almost fainted with horror. It was as if he wanted to kill and mutilate the desire in himself. And at the same time the thought of this penis bound and encircled by her ring roused her sexually, so that her body became warm and sensitive to all kinds of erotic fantasies. She continued to kiss him, and he begged her not to, because it brought him greater and greater pain.

A few days later the Indian was again in agony, but he could not get the ring off. The doctor had to be called, and the ring filed away.

The woman came to him and offered to run away with him. He accepted. They got on horses and traveled for a whole night together to a nearby town. There he concealed her in a room and went out to get work on an hacienda. She did not leave the room until her father tired of searching for her. The night watchman of the town was the only one aware of her presence. The watchman was a young man and had helped to conceal her. From her window she could

see him walking back and forth carrying the keys of the houses, and calling,  
‘The night is clear and all is well in the town.’

When someone came home late he would clap his hands together and call for the watchman. The watchman would open the door. While the Indian was away at work the watchman and the woman chatted together innocently.

He told her about a crime that had recently taken place in the village. The Indians who left the mountain and their work on the haciendas and went down to the jungle became wild and beastlike. Their faces changed from lean, noble contours to bestial grossness.

Such a transformation had just taken place in an Indian who had once been the handsomest man of the village, gracious, silent, with a strange humor and a reserved sensuality. He had gone down to the jungle and made money hunting. Now he had returned. He was homesick. He came back poor and wandered about homeless. No one recognized or remembered him.

Then he had caught a little girl on the road and ripped her sexual parts with a long knife used for skinning animals. He had not violated her, but had taken the knife and inserted it into her sex, and belabored her with it. The whole village was in a turmoil. They could not decide how to punish him. A very old Indian practice was to be revived for his sake. His wounds would be parted and wax, mixed with a biting acid the Indians knew of, inserted into them so that the pain would be doubled. Then he was to be flogged to death.

As the watchman told this story to the woman, her lover returned from his work. He saw her leaning out of the window and looking at the watchman. He rushed up to her room and appeared before her with his black hair wild around his face, his eyes full of lightning bolts of anger and jealousy. He began to curse her and torture her with questions and doubts.

Ever since the accident with the ring his penis had remained sensitive. The lovemaking was accompanied with pain, and so he could not indulge in it as often as he wanted. His penis would swell and hurt him for days. He was always afraid he was not satisfying his mistress and that she might love another. When he saw the tall watchman talking to her, he was sure they were carrying on an affair behind his back. He wanted to hurt her, he wanted her to suffer bodily in some way, as he had suffered for her. He forced her to go downstairs with him to the cellar where the wines were kept in vats under beamed ceilings.

He tied a rope to one of the beams. The woman thought he was going to beat her. She could not understand why he was preparing a pulley. Then he tied her hands and began pulling on the rope so that her body was raised in the air and the whole weight of it hung on her wrists, and the pain was great.

She wept and swore that she had been faithful, but he was insane. When she fainted as he pulled the rope again, he came to his senses. He took her down and began embracing her and caressing her. She opened her eyes and smiled at him.

He was overcome with desire for her and he threw himself on her. He thought that she would resist him, that after the pain she had endured she would be angry. But she made no resistance. She continued to smile at him. And when he touched her sex he found that she was wet. He took her with fury, and she responded with the same exaltation. It was the best night they ever had together, lying there on the cold cellar floor in the darkness.

### ***Everybody Says I am Eccentric by Helen Hicks Bowen***

Everybody says I'm eccentric, and they point significantly to their heads when my name is mentioned.

I don't like People; they talk too much and I never agree with anything they say. People patronize me, and oh, how they bore me!

I don't like Men; they are creatures of one idea, and when incapacitated for that they become anile.

I don't like Children; they are too young, and they are selfish, and greedy, and dishonest. Children have all the faults of adults without the acquired grace to hide their shamelessness.

I don't like Servants; their unfaltering superiority makes me feel groveling and apologetic.

I don't like Society; it is a game originated for the purpose of killing time for the mentally undeveloped.

I don't like Matrimony; it is an ideal theory which fails when 'applied to practical existence.

I don't like Mountains; they are out of all proportion to humanity, and they shut off the sun, making the dear days too short.

I don't like to play Golf; it is hateful to be distracted from the glories of the earth and sky by a dog-sized ball.

I don't like to Travel; the herding of sexes together in a sleeping car is unutterably indelicate, and sight-seeing is a form of entertainment suited only to the lowest order of intelligence.

I don't like Small Towns; they cramp humanity into the groove of petty materialism.

I don't like Automobiles; they are vulgar monstrosities crammed with hideous machinery; they eructate offensive odors and bark obnoxiously; they have ruined the privacy of life in the country and viciously neighborized the recluse.

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Everybody says I'm eccentric, and they point significantly to their heads when my name is mentioned.

I like to Walk through the woods in Autumn, followed by the whisper of dead leaves.

I like to Drive a gentle horse along a lane which twists and winds like a gigantic bolt of ribbon flung across the open country.

I like to Sew; not embroidered fripperies, but simple needlework, placing tiny stitches one after another for an interminable stretch.

I like to work, because the sense of successful accomplishment is the keenest pleasure life has to offer.

I like to Swim, because the embrace of cool, buoyant water is as sensuously delicious as the kiss of clinging silk.

I like Flowers, because they so joyously spend the perfume of their brief existence to make the world happier.

I like the Rain, Mother Nature's shower-bath, because all cleanliness is sweet, and it gives me a good excuse to stay indoors and loaf.

I like a Gray Day, because its restful atmosphere is full of color, floating wisps of opalescence faintly merging into the pearled mystery of low-hanging clouds.

I like the Country, because it is the House Beautiful wherein dwelleth My Lord Sun with his capricious Mistress, that mischievous romp. Madame Wind.

I like the City, because it is man's most stupendous manifestation of his likeness to the Creator.

I like Pictures, because they are so many windows opening into the souls of men.

I like Books, because they contain the essence of human spirit shaken free from the drag of the flesh.

I like Music, because it is "experience with the sting extracted"; its crashing harmonies are interwoven happiness and pain, misery and madness, ecstasy and delirium, aspiration and spirituality, melodiously keying the human soul to a supreme sentience, with no aftermath of sorrow.

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Everybody says I'm eccentric, and they point significantly to their heads when my name is mentioned.

{First published in *Smartset Magazine*, 1948}

## **Mathematics and Science**

### ***In Which of the Two Sexes ... by I. Bloch***

In which of the two sexes is perversion of more frequent occurrence? If we were to judge from the novels of ... the Marquis de Sade we should be in doubt whether man or woman was more inclined to sexual anomalies. De Sade's women, Juliette, Clairwil, la Dubois, Olympia, etc., are at least worthy of their male comrades in their appetite for sophisticated refinements upon sex pleasure and in their ingenuity in inventing these; they are infected with the same perversions. However, although the theory advanced by Lombroso and Ferrero that woman is less susceptible sexually has been radically refuted by A. Eulenburg, it is not to be denied that in general man has a more powerful impulse life than woman has. The sensual longing expresses itself earlier and more forcibly in the man, while the intact nubile woman can more easily resist the obscure urge toward sexual union.

Effertz observes, "Most persons think that young girls in the first stages of puberty are especially inflammable venereally." This opinion is based on a confusion of venereal and erotic. Young girls certainly are extremely susceptible erotically. On a moment's notice they fall in love with a red hussar, a *blue dragoon*. This gives the layman the false impression that the girl is venereally aroused. What really occurs is a physiological erotomania and by no means a physiological nymphomania. Often young erotomanic girls are even decidedly antivenerean.

With boys it is quite different. Immediately upon reaching puberty boys become venereally as well as erotically aroused, spontaneously. At puberty

boys experience not only physiological erotomania but also physiological satyriasis, and often the satyriasis is of greater intensity than the erotomania. Thus there are more boys who masturbate than boys who write bad verses to the beloved. The boy becomes a man by himself, but the virgin must, as is said poetically, 'first be kissed into womanhood.'

In maturity motherhood is also an effective check upon the impulses and eruptions of natural sensuality. Frigidity is undoubtedly more frequent in women than in men, not only among prostitutes, whose senses, comprehensibly enough, gradually become blunted. Yet, according to Effertz, women already frigid sometimes become prostitutes, and are more successful in the profession than their venereally better equipped competitors, as their hearts never run away with their heads. Of interest is the comparison of the average number of the sexual orgasms in the life of a man and of a woman. Effertz has calculated for the man five thousand ejaculations during the whole time of his potency, while the number of orgasms a woman has is not nearly so great.

A further cause for the relatively rarer occurrence of degenerations of the sex impulse in women is certainly the fact that habitual alcoholic indulgence, which, as will be shown later, tremendously promotes the development of sexual abnormalities, is much less common among women than among men. If, then, it cannot be questioned that sexual aberrations are much less frequent in women than in men, on the other hand it must be emphasized that the "experienced" woman often purposely abets these masculine aberrations.

Effertz explains the preference of many men for more mature women by the fact that these "fingunt verierem per mille modos." According to Davenport, history ... women "have a much keener relish for the tender bliss to which they deliver themselves up with a zest and an abandon unknown to men; in short that at the feast of love women are *gourmandes par excellence*."

Indeed, according to the data derived from peoples living in a state of nature, who present a reliable image of original conditions, it is very often the woman experienced in sexual enjoyment who directly seduces the man to perverse acts in order to increase her own *voluptas in coitu* and to have just the pleasure and not the consequences of it.

{Excerpt from *Anthropological Studies on the Strange Sexual Practises* by I. Bloch, p. 58 }

*Pictorial: Come play with my ribbons ... dear ...*



## ***Building Identical Snowflakes by Patrick and Michelle Chan***

We present the ultimate challenge to nanotechnology researchers – build self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) that can produce multiple identical copies of *Snowflakes*, with an error of less than one part in a billion.

### **Room at the Bottom and Nanotechnology**

In a landmark lecture given by physicist Richard Feynman at the annual APS meeting at Caltech on December 29<sup>th</sup>, 1959 titled "*There's Plenty of Room at the Bottom: An Invitation to Enter a New Field of Physics*" a challenge was presented to build micro-technology machines. These machines were on the scale of micrometers.<sup>1</sup>

It is said that half the wealth generated in the 20<sup>th</sup> century derived from the application of Quantum Physics to micro-technology scaled practical applications. In the over six decades since Feynman presented his challenge physics has progressed from micrometer scaled machines to nanometer scaled machines.

In the past century the science of computing and *Artificial Intelligence* have developed sophisticated thinking machines that are fully programmable in the sense of either Von Neumann machines that are self-replicating<sup>2</sup> or thinking machines as outlined by Alan Turing.<sup>3</sup>

We now build machines at the scale of nanometers. It is predicted that 75% of the wealth in the 21<sup>st</sup> century may draw from nanotechnology. Now it is time to push the science of nanotechnology into a realm that is at the cutting edge of nature's natural beauty.

### **The Snowflake Challenge**

In a handful of places in modern science man-made things have been produced that we do not find in nature – e.g. glucose molecules with the ‘wrong handedness,’ Technetium used in nuclear medicine and chlorofluorocarbons compounds used as refrigerants, to name three examples.

It is said that no two *Snowflakes* are ever identical and are themselves transcendental. *Snowflakes* are fractal objects that are built up by random physical processes that depend on simple phase dynamics.

The *Snowflake Challenge* is to build a self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) that can produce multiple identical copies of a Snowflake template, with an error of less than one part in a billion.

Ideally the machine should be able to draw water out of the air, chill each molecule and place it into a structure that can be replicated with a high precision and accuracy.

The self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) may be powered remotely. Chromophores may be a possible transfer mechanism for remote powering. Ideally these SANTM would be mobile and not fixed structures.

The SANTM must have its primary CPU internal to its structure. They should be reprogrammable remotely and be self-learning in certain functions core to its purpose. The SANTM may dialogue on a periodic basis with an external CPU in a manner that is secondary to its primary function. They must have finite lifetimes and not represent a harmful mechanical creature to existing living creatures on Earth. The SANTM shall be programmed to follow Asimov's Three Robotic Laws.<sup>4</sup>

The SANTM should be able to self-correct any errors in the placement of the water molecules on a continuous basis so that the end product is as anticipated by its programming to an accuracy of better than one part in a billion. What is not wanted is a machine that will make many copies with errors in the oft chance a handful of the end products meet the template programming. Many varieties of snowflakes of progressing complexity should be allowed as a template.

Such SANTM could be adapted for many other practical applications, such as building high impulse efficient solar sails for interplanetary and interstellar exploration, or building and maintaining space elevators. SANTM could also be used for terraforming of planets such as Mars, Venus and moons. Such SANTM could also produce foodstuff and pharmaceuticals.

With an ever increasing population, humanity is in a foot-race with catastrophe. Left unchecked there may be as many as 30 billion humans on planet Earth a century from now. SANTM that can meet the *Snowflake Challenge* may help to mitigate such a catastrophe.

### **References:**

- 1) Feynman, R, *There's Plenty of Room at the Bottom*,  
[https://web.pa.msu.edu/people/yang/RFeynman\\_plentySpace.pdf](https://web.pa.msu.edu/people/yang/RFeynman_plentySpace.pdf)
- 2) Refer to: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Von\\_Neumann\\_architecture](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Von_Neumann_architecture)
- 3) Refer to: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan\\_Turing](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan_Turing)
- 4) A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm. A robot must obey orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

# **History**

## ***Fearing God and Nothing Else by Winston Churchill***

MIT Mid-Century Convocation, March 31, 1949

Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), Boston, Massachusetts

I am honoured by your wish that I should take part in the discussions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We have suffered in Great Britain by the lack of colleges of University rank in which engineering and the allied subjects are taught. Industrial production depends on technology and it is because the Americans, like the prewar Germans, have realized this and created institutions for the advanced training of large numbers of high-grade engineers to translate the advances of pure science into industrial technique, that their output per head and consequent standard of life are so high. It is surprising that England, which was the first country to be industrialized, has nothing of comparable stature. If tonight I strike other notes than those of material progress, it implies no want of admiration for all the work you have done and are doing. My aim, like yours, is to be guided by balance and proportion.

The outstanding feature of the Twentieth Century has been the enormous expansion in the numbers who are given the opportunity to share in the larger and more varied life which in previous periods was reserved for the few and for the very few. This process must continue and we trust at an increasing rate. If we are to bring the broad masses of the people in every land to the table of abundance, it can only be by the tireless improvement of all our means of technical production, and by the diffusion in every form of education of an

improved quality to scores of millions of men and women. Even in this darkling hour I have faith that this will go on.

I rejoice in Tennyson's lines:-

*"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, even reaping something new;  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."*

I was however a little disquieted that you find it necessary to debate the question, to quote Dr. Burchard's opening address, "Whether the problem of world production yielding at least a minimum living to the whole population can be solved, and whether man has so destroyed the resources of his world that he may be doomed to die of starvation." If, with all the resources of modern science, we find ourselves unable to avert world famine, we shall all be to blame, but a peculiar responsibility would rest upon the scientists. I do not believe they will fail, but if they do, or were not allowed to succeed, the consequences would be very unpleasant because it is certain that mankind would not agree to starve equally, and there might be some very sharp disagreements about how the last crust was to be shared. This would simplify our problem in an unduly primordial manner.

I feel somewhat overawed in addressing this vast scientific and learned audience on the subjects which your Panels are discussing. I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along. Therefore I speak with a diffidence, which I hope to overcome as I proceed, on these profound scientific, social and philosophic issues, each of

which claims a life-long study for itself, and are now to be examined, as schoolmen would say, not only in their integrity but in their relationship, meaning thereby not only one by one but all together.

I was so glad that in the first instance you asked me to talk about the past rather than to peer into the future because I know more about the past than I do about the future, and I was well content that the President of the United States, whose gift of prophecy was so remarkably vindicated by recent electoral results, should have accepted that task. We all regret that his heavy state duties prevent him from being here tonight. I shall therefore presently have to do a little of the peering myself.

For us in Britain the Nineteenth Century ended amid the glories of the Victorian era, and we entered upon the dawn of the Twentieth in high hope for our country, our Empire and the world. The latter and larger part of the Nineteenth Century had been the period of liberal advance (liberal with a small 'l' please). In 1900 a sense of moving hopefully forward to brighter, broader and easier days was predominant. Little did we guess that what has been called the Century of the Common Man would witness as its outstanding feature more common men killing each other with greater facilities than any other five centuries together in the history of the world. But we entered this terrible Twentieth Century with confidence. We thought that with improving transportation nations would get to know each other better. We believed that as they got to know each other better they would like each other more, and that national rivalries would fade in a growing international consciousness. We took it almost for granted that science would confer continual boons and

blessings upon us, would give us better meals, better garments and better dwellings for less trouble, and thus steadily shorten the hours of labour and leave more time for play, and culture. In the name of ordered but unceasing progress, we saluted the Age of Democracy expressing itself ever more widely through Parliaments freely and fairly elected on a broad or universal franchise. We saw no reason why men and women should not shape their own home life and careers without being cramped by the growing complexity of the State, which was to be their servant and the protector of their rights. You had the famous American maxim "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and we both noticed that the world was divided into peoples that owned the Governments and Governments that owned the peoples. At least I heard all this around that time and liked some of it very much.

I was a Minister in the British Liberal Government (large "L" please), returned with a great majority in 1906. That new Liberal Government arrived in power with much of its message already delivered and most of its aims already achieved. The days of hereditary aristocratic privilege were ended or numbered. The path was opened for talent in every field of endeavour. Primary education was compulsory, universal and free, or was about to become so. New problems arising from former successes awaited the new Administration. The independence of the proletariat from thralldom involved at least a minimum standard of life and labour and security for old age, sickness, and the death of the family breadwinner. It was to these tasks of social reform and insurance that we addressed ourselves. The name of Lloyd George will ever be associated in Great Britain with this new departure. I am

proud to have been his Lieutenant in this work and also as a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer and later as head of the wartime National Coalition to have carried these same themes further forward on a magnified scale.

Science presently placed novel and dangerous facilities in the hands of the most powerful countries. Humanity was informed that it could make machines that would fly through the air and vessels which could swim beneath the surface of the seas. The conquest of the air and the perfection of the art of flying fulfilled the dream which for thousands of years had glittered in human imagination. Certainly it was a marvellous and romantic event. Whether the bestowal of this gift upon an immature civilization composed of competing nations whose nationalism grew with every advance of democracy and who were as yet devoid of international organization, was a blessing or a curse has yet to be proved. On the whole I remain an optimist. For good or ill Air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power, and fleets and armies, however necessary, must accept a subordinate rank. This is a memorable milestone in the march of man.

The submarine, to do it justice, has never made any claim to be a blessing or even a convenience. I well remember when it became an accomplished military fact of peculiar significance to the British Isles and the British Navy, there was a general belief even in the Admiralty where I presided, that no nation would ever be so wicked as to use these under-water vessels to sink merchantmen at sea. How could a submarine, it was asked, provide for the safety of the crews of the merchant ships it sank? Public opinion was shocked

when old Admiral Fisher bluntly declared that this would be no bar to their being used by the new and growing German Navy in a most ruthless manner. His prediction was certainly not stultified by what was soon to happen.

Here then we have these two novel and potent weapons placed in the hands of highly nationalized sovereign States in the early part of the Twentieth Century, and both of them dwell with us today for our future edification.

A third unmeasured sphere opened to us as the years passed, which, for the sake of comprehensive brevity, I will describe as Radar. This Radar, with its innumerable variants and possibilities, has so far been the handmaiden of the air, but it has also been the enemy of the submarine and in alliance with the air may well prove its exterminator.

In the first half of the Twentieth Century, fanned by the crimson wings of war, the conquest of the air affected profoundly human affairs. It made the globe seem much bigger to the mind and much smaller to the body. The human biped was able to travel about far more quickly. This greatly reduced the size of his estate, while at the same time creating an even keener sense of its exploitable value. In the Nineteenth Century Jules Verne wrote "Round the World in Eighty Days". It seemed a prodigy. Now you can get round it in four; but you do not see much of it on the way. The whole prospect and outlook of mankind grew immeasurably larger, and the multiplication of ideas also proceeded at an incredible rate. This vast expansion was unhappily not accompanied by any noticeable advance in the stature of man, either in his mental faculties, or his moral character. His brain got no better, but it buzzed

more. The scale of events around him assumed gigantic proportions while he remained about the same size.

By comparison therefore he actually became much smaller. We no longer had great men directing manageable affairs. The need was to discipline an array of gigantic and turbulent facts. To this task we have certainly so far proved unequal. Science bestowed immense new powers on man and at the same time created conditions which were largely beyond his comprehension and still more beyond his control. While he nursed the illusion of growing mastery and exulted in his new trappings, he became the sport and presently the victim of tides, and currents, of whirlpools and tornadoes amid which he was far more helpless than he had been for a long time.

Hopeful developments in many directions were proceeding in 1914 on both sides of the Atlantic and seemed to point to an age of Peace and Plenty when suddenly violent events broke in upon them. For more than forty years there had been no major war in Europe. Indeed since the Civil War in the United States, there had been no great struggle in the West. A spirit of adventure stirred the minds of men and was by no means allayed by the general advance of prosperity and science. On the contrary prosperity meant power, and science offered weapons. We read in the Bible "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." For several generations Britannia had ruled the waves - for long periods at less cost annually than that of a single modern battleship.

History, will say that this great trust was not abused. American testimony about the early period of the Monroe Doctrine is upon record. There was the

suppression of the Slave Trade. During our prolonged period of naval supremacy undeterred by the rise of foreign tariffs, we opened our ports freely to the commerce of the world. Our Colonial and oriental empire, even our coastal trade, was free to the shipping of all the nations on equal terms. We in no way sought to obstruct the rise of other States or Navies. For nearly the whole of the Nineteenth Century the monopoly of sea power in British hands was a trust discharged faithfully in the general interest. But now in the first decade of the Twentieth Century with new patterns of warships, naval rivalries became acute and fierce. Civilized Governments began to think in Dreadnoughts. It would in such a setting have been very difficult to prevent the First World War.

There was of course one way - one way then as now - the creation of an international instrument, strong enough to adjust the disputes of nations and enforce its decisions against an aggressor. Much wisdom, eloquence and earnest effort was devoted to this theme in which the United States took the lead, but we only got as far as the World Court at the Hague and improvements in the Geneva Convention. The impulses towards a trial of strength in Europe were the stronger. Germany, demanding her 'place in the sun', was faced by a resolute France with her military honour to regain. England, in accordance with her foreign policy of three hundred years, sustained the weaker side. France found an ally in the Russia of the Czars and Germany in the crumbling Empire of the Hapsburgs. The United States, for reasons which were natural and traditional, but no longer so valid as in the past, stood aloof and expected to be able to watch as a spectator, the thrilling, fearful drama unfold from

across what was then called "the broad Atlantic." These expectations were not borne out by what happened.

High hopes and spacious opportunities awaited the victorious allies when they assembled at Versailles after four and a half years of hideous mechanical slaughter, illuminated by infinite sacrifice, but not remarkably relieved by strategy or generalship. War, stripped of every pretension of glamour or romance had been brought home to the masses of the peoples in forms never before experienced except by the defeated. To stop another war was the supreme object and duty of the statesmen who met as friends and allies around the Peace Table. They made great errors. The doctrine of self-determination was not the remedy for Europe, which needed above all things, unity and larger groupings. The idea that the vanquished could pay the expenses of the victors was a destructive and crazy delusion. The failure to strangle Bolshevism at its birth and to bring Russia, then prostrate, by one means or another, into the general democratic system lies heavy upon us today. Nevertheless the statesmen at Versailles, largely at the inspiration of President Wilson, an inspiration implemented effectively by British thought, created the League of Nations. This is their defense before history, and had the League been resolutely sustained and used, it would have saved us all.

This was not to be. Another ordeal even more appalling than the first lay before us. Even when so much else had failed we could have obtained a prolonged peace, lasting all our lives at least, simply by keeping Germany disarmed in accordance with the Treaty, and by treating her with justice and magnanimity. This latter condition was very nearly achieved at Locarno in

1928, but the failure to enforce the disarmament clauses and above all to sustain the League of Nations, both of which purposes could easily have been accomplished, brought upon us the Second World War. Once again the English speaking world gloriously but narrowly emerged, bleeding and breathless, but united as we never were before. This unity is our present salvation, because after all our victories, we are now faced by perils, both grave and near, and by problems more dire than have ever confronted Christian civilization, even in this Twentieth Century of storm and change.

There remains however a key of deliverance. It is the same key which was searched for by those who laboured to set up the World Court at the Hague in the early years of the century. It is the same conception as animated President Wilson and his colleagues at Versailles, namely the creation of a world instrument capable at least of giving to all its members Security against Aggression. The United Nations Organization which has been erected under the inspiring leadership of my great wartime friend, President Roosevelt, in place of the former League, has so far been rent and distracted by the antagonism of Soviet Russia and by the fundamental schism which has opened between Communism and the rest of mankind. But we must not despair. We must persevere, and if the gulf continues to widen, we must make sure that the cause of Freedom is defended by all the resources of combined forethought and superior science. Here lies the best hope of averting a third world struggle, and a sure means of coming through it without being enslaved or destroyed.

One of the questions which we are debating here is defined as "the failure of social and political institutions to keep pace with material and technical

change." Scientists should never underrate the deep-seated qualities of human nature and how, repressed in one direction they will certainly break out in another. The genus homo if I may display my Latin - is a tough creature who has travelled here by a very long road. His nature has been shaped and his virtues ingrained by many millions of years of struggle, fear and pain, and his spirit has, from the earliest dawn of history, shown itself upon occasion capable of mounting to the sublime, far above material conditions or mortal terrors. He still remains as Pope described him two hundred years ago:

*"Placed on this Isthmus of a middle State  
A being darkly wise and rudely great  
Created half to rise and half to fall  
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all.  
Sole Judge of truth in endless error hurled,  
The glory, jest and riddle of the world."*

In his Introductory address, Dr. Burchard, the Dean of Humanities, spoke with awe of "an approaching scientific ability to control men's thoughts with precision." I shall be very content if my task in this world is done before that happens. Laws just or unjust may govern men's actions. Tyrannies may restrain or regulate their words. The machinery of propaganda may pack their minds with falsehood and deny them truth for many generations of time. But the soul of man thus held in trance or frozen in a long night can be awakened by a spark coming from God knows where and in a moment the whole structure of lies and oppression is on trial for its life. Peoples in bondage should never despair. Science no doubt could if sufficiently perverted

exterminate us all but it is not in the power of material forces in any period which the youngest here tonight need take into practical account, to alter the main elements in human nature or restrict the infinite variety of forms in which the soul and genius of the human race can and will express itself.

How right you are in this great Institution of technical study and achievement to keep a Dean of Humanities and give him so commanding a part to play in your discussions! No technical knowledge can outweigh knowledge of the humanities in the gaining of which philosophy and history walk hand in hand. Our inheritance of well-founded slowly conceived codes of honour, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow. Those whose minds are attracted or compelled to rigid and symmetrical systems of government should remember that logic, like science, must be the servant and not the master of man. Human beings and human societies are not structures that are built or machines that are forged. They are plants that grow and must be tended as such. Life is a test and this world a place of trial. Always the problems or it may be the same problem will be presented to every generation in different forms. The problems of victory may be even more baffling than those of defeat. However much the conditions change, the supreme question is how we live and grow and bloom and die, and how far each life conforms to standards which are not wholly related to space or time.

Here I speak not only to those who enjoy the blessings and consolation of revealed religion but also to those who face the mysteries of human destiny

alone. The flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfilment of Spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival. Only by bringing it into perfect application can we hope to solve for ourselves the problems of this world and not of this world alone.

I cannot speak to you here tonight without expressing to the United States - as I have perhaps some right to do - the thanks of Britain and of Europe for the splendid part America is playing in the world. Many nations have risen to the summit of human affairs, but here is a great example where new-won supremacy has not been used for self-aggrandisement but only for further sacrifice.

Three years ago I spoke at Fulton under the auspices of President Truman. Many people here and in my own country were startled and even shocked by what I said. But events have vindicated and fulfilled in much detail the warnings which I deemed it my duty to give at that time.

Today there is a very different climate of opinion. I am in cordial accord with much that is being done. We have, as dominating facts, the famous Marshall Aid, the new unity in Western Europe and now the Atlantic Pact. How has this tremendous change in our outlook and policy been accomplished? The responsible Ministers in all the countries concerned deserve high credit. There is credit enough for all. In my own country the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, who has come here to sign the Atlantic Pact, has shown himself indifferent to mere party popularity in dealing with these great national issues. He has

shown himself, like many American public men, above mere partisan interest in dealing with these national and world issues. No one could however have brought about these immense changes in the feeling of the United States, Great Britain and Europe but for the astounding policy of the Russian Soviet Government. We may well ask, "Why have they deliberately acted so as to unite the free world against them?" It is certainly not because there are not very able men among them. Why have they done it? I offer you my own answer to this strange conundrum. It is because they fear the friendship of the West more than its hostility. They cannot afford to allow free and friendly intercourse to grow up between the vast area they control and the civilization of the West. The Russian people must not see what goes on outside, and the world must not see what goes on inside the Soviet domain. Fourteen men in the Kremlin, holding down hundreds of millions of people and aiming at the rule of the world feel that at all costs they must keep up the barriers. Self-preservation, not for Russia but for themselves, lies at the root and is the explanation of their sinister and malignant policy.

In consequence of the Soviet conduct the relations of Communist Russia with the other great powers of the world are without precedent in history. Measures and counter-measures have been taken on many occasions which in any previous period could only have meant armed conflict. The situation has been well described by distinguished Americans as the "cold war." And the question is asked "Are we winning the cold war?" This cannot be decided by looking at Europe alone. We must also look to Asia. The worst disaster since our victory has been the collapse of China under Communist attack and intrigue. China, in which the United States have always taken a high interest,

comprises an immense part of the population of the world. The absorption of China and India into the Kremlin-controlled Communist Empire, would certainly bring measureless bloodshed and misery to eight or nine hundred million people.

On the other hand, the position in Europe has so far been successfully maintained. The prodigious effort of the Berlin Air Lift has carried us through the winter. Time, though dearly-bought, has been gained for peace. The efficiency of the American and British Air Forces has been proved and improved. Most of all the spectacle of the British and Americans trying to feed the two million Germans in Berlin, while the Soviet Government was trying to starve them, has been an object lesson to the German people far beyond anything that words could convey. I trust that small and needless provocations of German sentiment may be avoided by the Western Powers. The revival and union of Europe cannot be achieved without the earnest and freely given aid of the German people.

The Air Lift has fully justified itself. Nevertheless, fear and its shadows brood over Western Europe today. A month ago in Brussels I spoke to a meeting of 30,000 Belgians. I could feel at once their friendship and their anxiety. They have no Atlantic Ocean, no English Channel, between them and the Russian Communist armoured divisions. Yet they bravely and ardently support the cause of United Europe. I was also conscious of the hope and faith which they, like the Greek people, place in the United States.

We are now confronted with something quite as wicked but in some ways more formidable than Hitler, because Hitler had only the Herrenvolk pride and anti-Semitic hatred to exploit. He had no fundamental theme. But these fourteen men in the Kremlin have their hierarchy and a church of Communist adepts, whose missionaries are in every country as a Fifth Column, awaiting the day when they hope to be the absolute masters of their fellow-countrymen and pay off old scores. They have their anti-God religion and their Communist doctrine of the entire subjugation of the individual to the State. Behind this stands the largest Army in the world, in the hands of a Government pursuing Imperialist expansion, as no Czar or Kaiser had ever done.

I must not conceal from you the truth as I see it. It is certain that Europe would have been communized and London under bombardment some time ago but for the deterrent of the Atomic Bomb in the hands of the United States.

Another question is also asked. Is time on our side? That is not a question that can be answered except within strict limits. We have certainly not an unlimited period of time before a settlement should be achieved. The utmost vigilance should be practised but I do not think myself that violent or precipitate action should be taken now. War is not inevitable. The Germans have a wise saying, "The trees do not grow up to the sky." Often something happens to turn or mitigate the course of events. Four or five hundred years ago Europe seemed about to be conquered by the Mongols. Two great battles were fought almost on the same day near Vienna and in Poland. In both of these the chivalry and armed power of Europe was completely shattered by the Asiatic hordes. It seemed that nothing could avert the doom of the famous

Continent from which modern civilization and culture have spread throughout the world. But at the critical moment the Great Khan died. The succession was vacant, and the Mongol armies and their leaders trooped back on their ponies across the seven thousand miles which separated them from their capital in order to choose a successor. They never returned till now.

We need not abandon hope or patience. Many favorable processes are on foot. Under the impact of Communism all the free nations are being welded together as they never have been before and never could be, but for the harsh external pressure to which they are being subjected. We have no hostility to the Russian people and no desire to deny them their legitimate rights and security. I hoped that Russia, after the war, would have access, through unfrozen waters, into every ocean, guaranteed by the World Organization of which she would be a leading member; that she should have the freest access, which indeed she has at the present time, to raw materials of every kind; and that the Russians everywhere would be received as brothers in the human family. That still remains our aim and ideal. We seek nothing from Russia but goodwill and fair play. If, however, there is to be a war of nerves, let us make sure our nerves are strong and are fortified by the deepest convictions of our hearts. If we persevere steadfastly together, and allow no appeasement of tyranny and wrong-doing in any form, it may not be our nerve or the structure of our civilization which will break, and peace may yet be preserved.

This is a hard experience in the life of the world. After our great victory, which we believed would decide the struggle for freedom for our time at least, we thought we had deserved better of fortune. But unities and associations are

being established by many nations throughout the free world with a speed and reality which would not have been achieved perhaps for generations. Of all these unities the one most precious to me is the fraternal association between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. Do not underrate the strength of Britain. As I said at Fulton, "Do not suppose that half a century from now you will not see seventy or eighty millions of Britons spread about the world and united in defence of our traditions, our way of life, and the world causes which you and we espouse." United we stand secure.

Let us then move forward together in discharge of our mission and our duty,

*fearing God and nothing else.*

## **Poetry**

## ***The Places In Between by Shannon Ayres***

How do we know when we've arrived?

Somewhere in the space

in between where we live our lives

and where we go in our dreams,

is a place to define

where lays the infinite

and the vastly divine.

"We've been waiting for you,"

They said.

From the spaces in between.

Where smoke drifts through the winding corridors

of our minds

which lift and carry us.

We are a figment of imagination.

Perhaps.

A blip.

Is this what it means?

How do we hear the voices

of all who came before us

leading us through

the cracks and the seams?

What guidance we seek  
in that place  
where the Elders and the Angels  
can find us.  
  
Somewhere towards the infinite,  
where from here  
we can only dream and philosophize.

And.  
Evaporate.

It's in there that lay the meanings  
man's ever hoped to find.  
  
An energy highway should it be seen,  
Leading towards the divine.  
  
And to the places in between.

***You by Robert Garland***

No matter where I go, you go with me;  
You walk beside me morning, noon and night,  
You are beside me in my little room,  
Your hand upon my shoulder, cool and calm:  
You're always with me—God be praised for that! —  
And as I pen this worthless wordy thing  
You hover over me;  
I hear the hurried intake of your breath,  
I glimpse your tender, understanding smile,  
I thrill beneath your fleeting, fond caress,  
And, in a flash, you drive my doubts away  
And once more give me faith in my poor self.



**Pictorial: A Life Drawing of Male and Female by Cindy Xie**

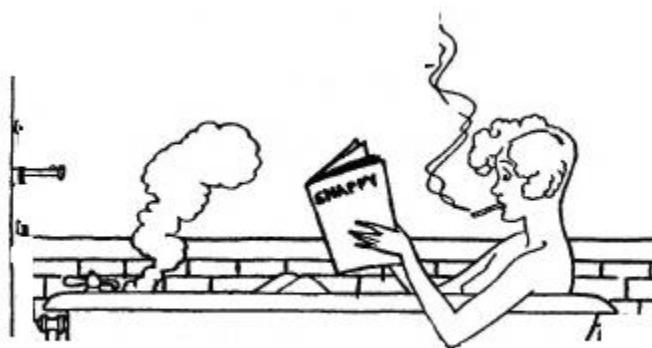


### ***Rain At Night by Neeta Marquis***

It first came like a dreamer's sigh,  
so soft I could not call it sound,—  
A stir—a breath—as if the sky  
drew close to kiss the quiet ground.

And then the tinkling drip began,  
like beads slipped from a silver chain.  
Arpeggios of raindrops ran  
on leaf and walk and window-pane.

Sleep sought me as I listening lay.  
And bore me off on velvet wings.  
And oh, when I awoke at day,  
the fragrance of the garden-things.



***On the beach by Edna Gay***

Oh, how they loiter,

How they saunter,

How they linger

*On the beach*

The pretty misses,

Smiling maidens,

Flirting damsels

*On the beach*

How they captivate,

Chari and fascinate,

How they seek a mate

*On the beach*

**It's A Blind Date**



## ***Pithy Poems by Anonymous***

### **The Puzzle**

The theory of reincarnation  
runs aground on the puzzle  
as to what most men  
did in the last life  
to deserve being what they are  
in this one.

### **More Pleasure?**

What gives a woman  
more pleasure—  
to look at a plain woman,  
or to gaze at a handsome man?

### **No man can ever hope**

No man can ever hope  
to understand a woman.

Neither, for that matter  
can the woman herself.

## **They Called Her Arrow**

They called her arrow,  
because she quivered  
before every beau.



## **She was only**

She was only  
a Spaniard's daughter,  
but she had a  
beautiful Pyrenees.

## **Remembered**

The girl

who forgets herself  
is generally  
remembered.

## **Working Girls**

Working girls  
are divided  
into two classes:

Those who work  
somewhere,  
and those who work  
someone.



**Pictorial: Really I am ...**



*"I'm nineteen," she said.*

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# **Art**

***Two Sisters by Meghan G***





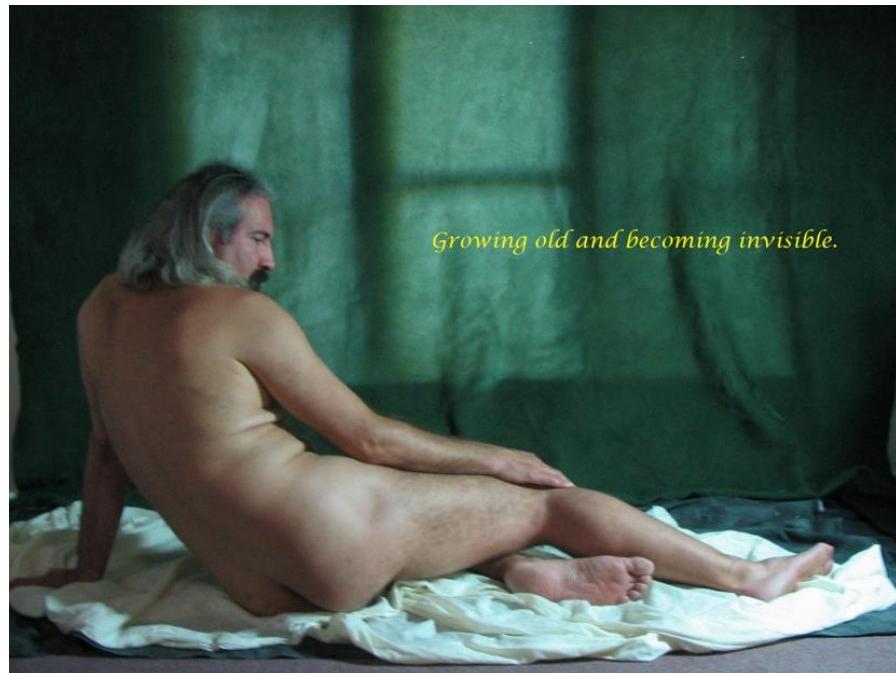
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***Growing Old by Patrick B***





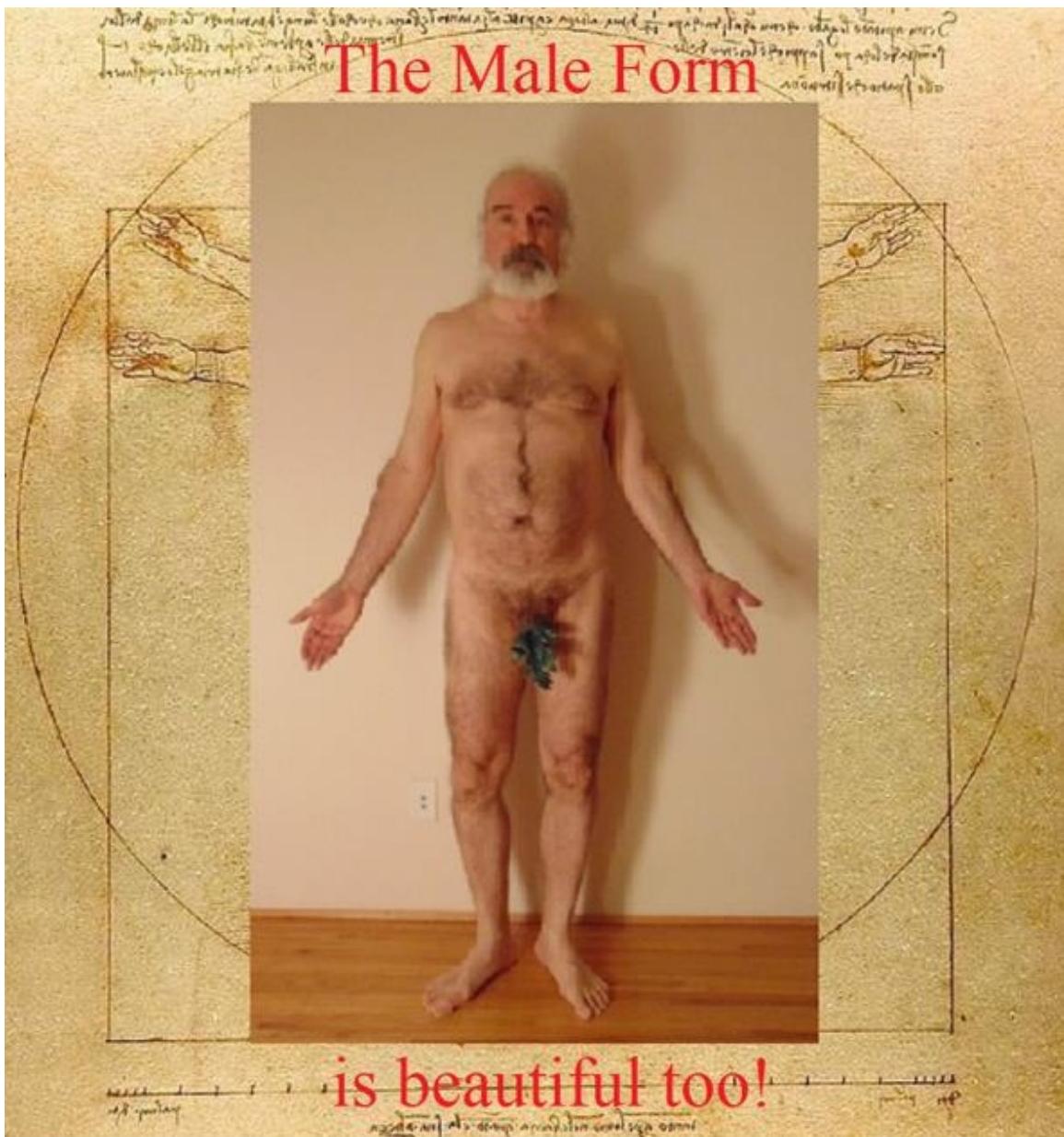
*growing old and breaking down*



*growing old and losing one's gender*



# The Male Form

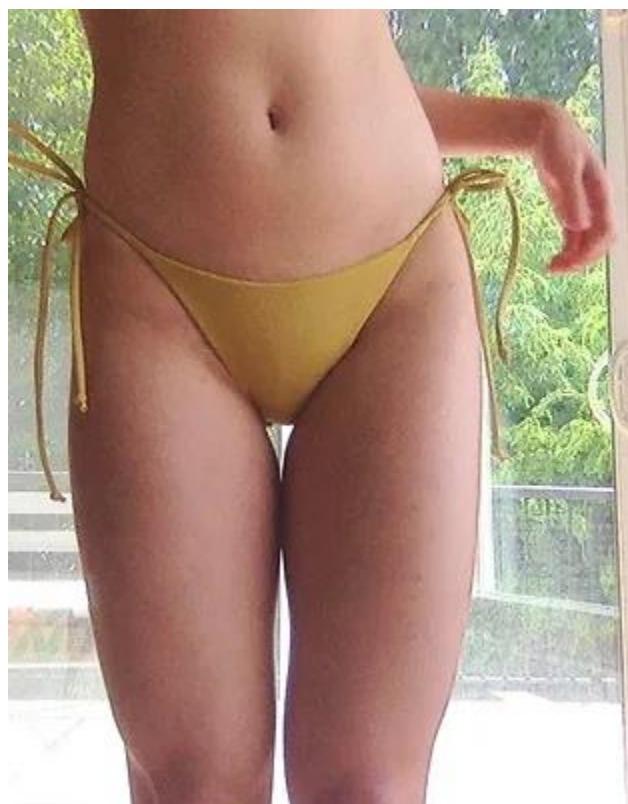
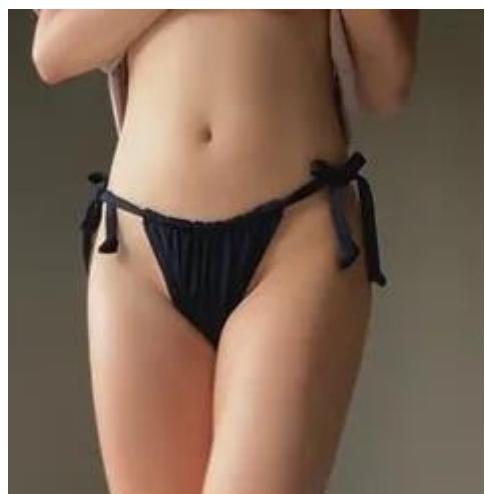


is beautiful too!

## ***Bathing Suits by Hayeon Choi***

**[Vancouver]** Hayeon is a local artist of Korean heritage that makes bathing suits. Her website is: <https://hayeonnchoi.wixsite.com/my-site/bikinis>













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